

A Yank in Moscow



Dangerous liaisons: why it's sexy to take risks with Aids

George Melly on Pauline Kael; Paul Morley on Vic Reeves; RW Johnson's heroes and villains

Stephen Howe dissects Labour's defence policy

Russian reformers are mad about US-style capitalism. Ralph Nader, America's consumer advocate, warns them against corporate power and greed. Will they listen?



770954 236015

IT'S NOT ONLY IN RUMANIA THAT YOU'LL FIND CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM AIDS

At Mildmay Mission Hospital

in London's East End

we already care for men, women, and children
(often whole families) affected by AIDS.

We care for them.

Our Christian doctors, nurses, counsellors, therapists
and resident chaplain have one aim in common:

to improve the patient's quality of life.

Medically. Emotionally. Socially. Spiritually.

But that's not all...

**Mildmay plans to open an additional unit
– exclusively for mothers and children with AIDS –
because, sadly, the numbers are increasing**

We need to raise £500,000 to advance this work
Please give whatever you can (*for the children's sake*)

To **AIDS APPEAL**, Mildmay Mission Hospital,
FREEPOST, London E2 7BR (*no stamp needed*)

Please accept my donation of £5 ☐ £10 ☐ £25 ☐ £50 ☐ £100 ☐
other £_____ (cheques payable to Mildmay Mission Hospital)
and send me further information on Mildmay's work. (Thank you)

SURNAME (Mr./Mrs./Ms./Miss) _____ FIRST NAME _____

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

ADDRESS _____

_____ POST CODE _____

Mildmay is an independent Christian charitable hospital containing Europe's first AIDS hospice and continuing care unit – including family suite – plus day centre and homecare and another specialist unit for young disabled people. Mildmay charges no fees to patients and relies heavily on voluntary donations.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

CONTENTS

JUL 26 1990

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

6 July 1990 Vol 3 No 108
New Statesman Vol 119 No 3091
New Society Vol 86 No 1434
ISSN 0954-2361

©Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd
and Contributors
Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telex 28449 Fax 071-739 9307
Advertising 071-739 1645
Editorial/Administration 071-739 3211
Accounts/Subscriptions 071-739 1737

Regulars

Editorial 4

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans

Word-bites 5

Mandela and the IRA, Italian civil liberties, Grunting at Wimbledon, Reading in schools

Political column 6

Robert MacLennan says Britain's constitution is unroadworthy

Taking liberties 7

Jolyon Jenkins starts a new weekly column, monitoring civil rights at home and abroad

Steve Bell 7

Diary 8

Sean French, plus Roger Woddis

Letters 24

Public Interest 47

A new column on social policy

Society Today 48

Endgames 54

Competition: Salamanca; Graffiti by Paige

Contributors 54

Cover: Dolores Fairman

Features

Sitting on defence 10

Labour's defence policy is to lie low and hope. History demands otherwise, says Stephen Howe

We the people 15

Hilary Wainwright on a new forum for Europe not dominated by the west

16 Tunnel vision

Vicky Hutchings travels on the Northern Line to darkest Balham with the transport minister

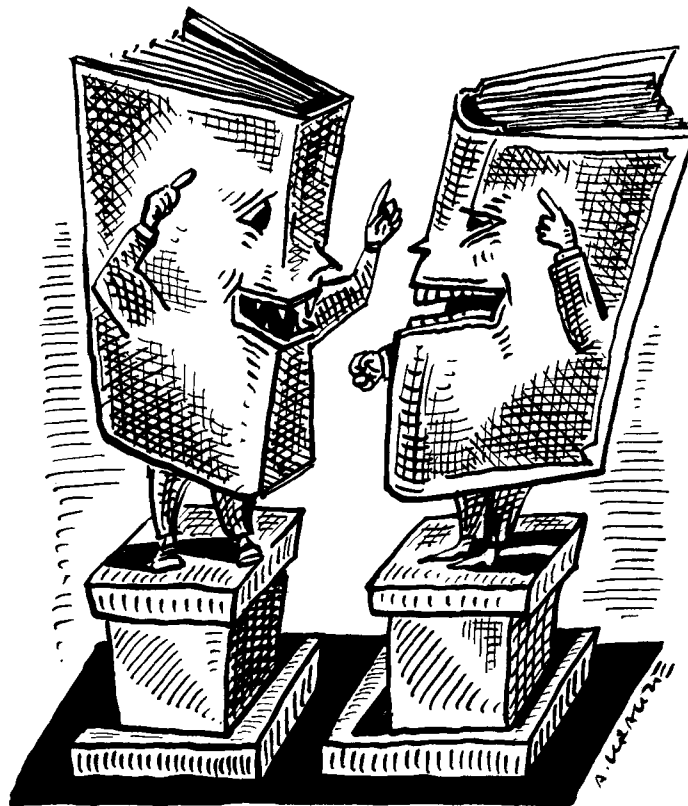
12 A Yank in Moscow

Ralph Nader, the US consumer trouble-shooter, has been warning Soviet reformers of the pitfalls of the free market—James Ridgeway reports

18 Dangerous liaisons

Part two of our investigation into sex in the shadow of Aids. This week: the doctor who has had 30 partners in the last five years believes middle-class people are immune to the risk of infection; the solicitor who had a long affair with one partner while living with another, and a recent one-afternoon-stand with a married friend—she refuses to discuss safe sex because trust is important; the commodity broker ... the film editor ...

26 Essay: Nothing but the truth

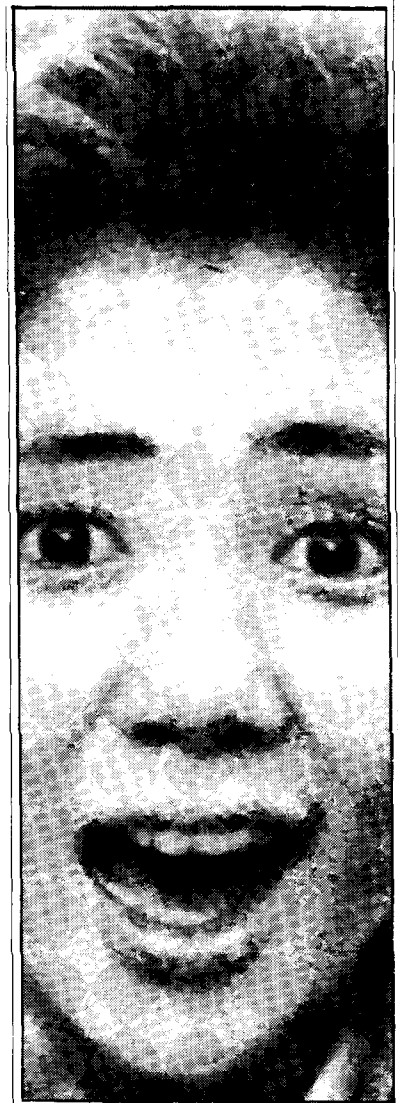


R W Johnson compares Gramsci and Orwell on the intellectual in politics, and chooses the lone wolf role where the truth is at stake

34 What's on the end of your stick?

Paul Morley has a laugh with Vic Reeves—the missing link between Charlie Drake and Thomas Pynchon

All change The NSS is reorganised this week to introduce two new columns: Jolyon Jenkins's, which monitors civil liberties in Britain and abroad (page 7) and a new Public Interest column, which kicks off on page 47 with David Townsend on community care. Letters move with Colin Ward to a new central position (pages 24-25) and the political column moves forward to page 6



Black rain on Hiroshima, p36

Artefax 31

Cross-cultures: The sci-fi twilight zone

Art: Synthetic worlds; plus crafting for a new age

TV: Paul Morley on Vic Reeves Big Night Out

Film: Horror without anger

Books 38

Politics: Bhikhu Parekh on conservatism; Jolyon Jenkins on Meacher vs Treford and others

Fiction: stories by Graham Greene and Samuel Beckett; novels by Gilbert Adair, Ellen Douglas and Susan Johnson

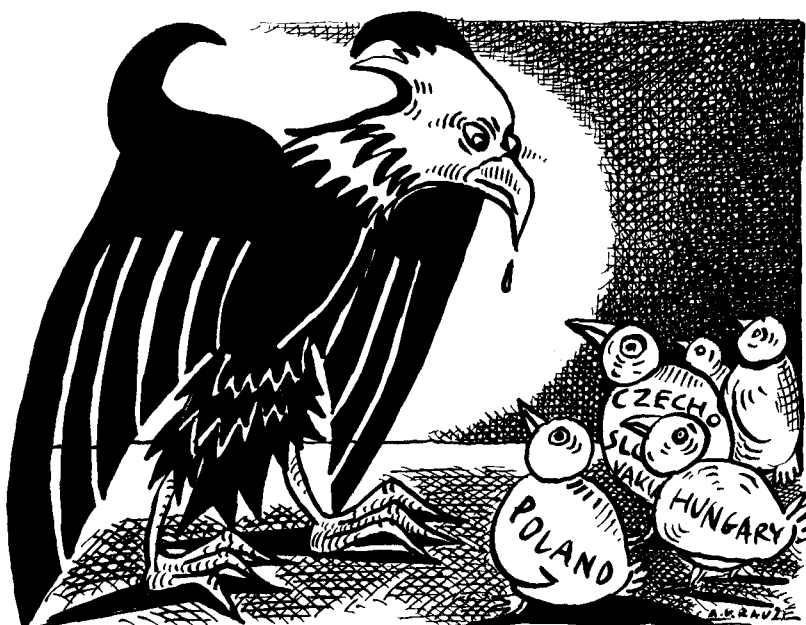
Plus: George Melly on the film criticism of Pauline Kael

New Poetry 42

A double page spread of new poems from Ruth Padel, Hugo Williams, Jo Shapcott and others

Unity trust

If we can't learn to love the Germans, we should at least learn to stop fearing them so much



Andrzej Krauze

The British can always raise a rousing chorus to the tune of "Let's all be beastly to the Germans". A World Cup semi-final week that also saw the birth, after monetary union of East and West, of a 78-million-strong economic giant has only made the refrain louder. But Germanophobia flourishes as much on the would-be rational left as in the tabloid headlines.

For suspicious radicals, the GDR's swoon into the embrace of West German capital is the latest on a charge-sheet of Prussian misdemeanours that stretches from Frederick the Great to the Third Reich. This attitude makes myth wear the mask of history, and risks encouraging just that national belligerence that it seeks to denounce. If it wants a peaceable and progressive Germany, the British left should welcome the fast-lane re-unification due to culminate in joint East-West elections in December. First, though, it needs to drop some cumbersome mental baggage.

E P Thompson, who did so much to keep the idea of European peace alive in the depths of the second cold war, wrote in the *Guardian* this week that "If the German people wish to shed the guilt of the Hitler years, they can do this best of all by rejecting (Chancellor) Kohl's bullying *anschlusspolitik*", and by hitching their fate to the search for a new continental settlement. As a goal, it sounds impeccable. But why lumber the quest with a trio of rattling ghosts? They are, in turn, the assumption that the defeat of Nazism gave the allies the right to mould German policy in perpetuity; the belief in a blood-guilt handed down from parents to children; and the conviction that electoral choice in Germany, when it goes the wrong way, amounts to no more than demagoguery

or coercion. This March, 48 per cent of East Germans voted for parties supporting Kohl's timetable for integration, and 47 per cent against—though the opposition Social Democrats then joined the pro-Kohl coalition. This is just the sort of scrappy outcome that licenses government action in all parliamentary states.

A survey done (for the *Economist*) on the eve of currency union found the slenderest of majorities (51 per cent) in West Germany for continued membership of Nato. Slightly more (54 per cent) wanted all nuclear weapons out of the country. These are bulletins from a divided house—divided no longer by forces and fences, but by the genuine dilemmas of identity that all free societies wrestle with. It's Mrs Thatcher, not the Germans themselves, who at this week's Nato summit will be pushing for nuclear modernisation as a safeguard against uncertainty in central Europe. In the poll, three times as many respondents were bothered about their team's World Cup performance (12 per cent) than worried over the Soviet threat (4 per cent).

Above all, the western left often feels, if only in private, that post-Honecker East Germany somehow botched its chance to create a "third way" between capitalism and communism. That elusive path always started in the clouds and led into the sand. To say so is not to disparage the GDR's intellectual opposition, who will challenge the behemoths of western finance as bravely as they fought the leviathan of the Socialist Unity Party. But as revelations of the regime's corruption snowballed, the old state lost all legitimacy as the matrix for a possible "non-aligned" solution. It is dead, and rightly so.

Besides, East Germans have not signed up with anything that Nicholas Ridley might recognise as a free market. They are joining the tightest corporate ship outside Sweden. On local democracy, industrial policy and welfare provision, they have opted into a system that many disinherited Britons might prefer to their own. No doubt many also yearn for a place behind the wheel of a BMW. For anyone who has never lived with a secret policeman around every corner, to begrudge them that hope is rank hypocrisy.

Finally, fears abound of an over-mighty Germany stomping through its eastern neighbours in search of bargain-basement businesses staffed by cheap Slavic labour. In fact, the reconstruction of the GDR may well soak up so much capital as to leave little left for adventures further east. And the Germans are by no means the only predators at large. Hungary's Tungfram light bulb plant went to General Electric from the US, a snip at \$150 million. General Motors, in defiance of British pub humour, is sniffing eagerly at the Skoda car factory in Czechoslovakia. If we do dread German hegemony east of the Oder, we can help forestall it by arguing for relief of the region's massive debt burden. Bonn certainly does not *want* a Polish colony. The \$39 billion Poland owes to the west, including British banks, may yet ensure it gets one.

Mandela was right

From the moment Nelson Mandela arrived in Dublin, he was pressured by the British press pack to comment on the IRA. Finally he made the remark, about the need to negotiate, that allowed the same journalists' newspapers to trumpet "Don't meddle, Mandela" in 80-point headlines while their Tory allies bellowed in synthetic rage. Unfortunately, since "being soft" on the IRA is one of Labour's great fears, Neil Kinnock too felt obliged to make the customary prophylactic noises.

This was all of course most helpful for Mrs Thatcher over sanctions, as it neatly equated the African National Congress's refusal to renounce the "armed struggle" with the IRA's murderous gangsterism. The fact is that the ANC is a liberation movement which has been denied democratic rights in its own country by a repressive minority regime. That regime doesn't hesitate to use its vastly superior manpower—and firepower—to crush resistance; and so the ANC has had no choice but to take up arms itself. Any relaxation of sanctions now makes "armed struggle" more, not less, likely in South Africa.

The unanimous outcry also makes it harder to create the political space for a solution some day in Ireland. For what Nelson Mandela said in Dublin was quite right and unremarkable, and Conservative politicians, like William Whitelaw, have in the fairly recent past secretly acted on it. But when Peter Brooke speculated aloud about the possibility of talks one day with Sinn Féin, the remark was immediately interpreted by the press as a "gaffe". F W de Klerk has accepted the need to deal with a Nelson Mandela who refuses to renounce violence. There will come a point when a British politician has to demonstrate the same bottle.

Uncivil liberties

Put the respectable citizens of Turin and Naples. In the interests of a peaceful World Cup, the Italian authorities imposed two-day-long universal bans on the sale of alcohol—a move which might have been expected to provoke public disorder rather than prevent it. The number of English football fans who can successfully impersonate a Neapolitan housewife must, surely, be limited, but the Italians were taking no chances.

A similar no-nonsense attitude to civil liberties seems to have informed the decision to deport 247 alleged football hooligans, including a man on a package holiday with his family who had popped out to buy a packet of cigarettes, and another arrested on the strength of his car's English number plates. As Denis Howell, Labour's sports spokesperson pointed out, 247 was the precise number of seats booked on a charter plane three days earlier.

Howell may be an unlikely human rights campaigner, but he is utterly right to keep pressing the British government on this issue. With luck he may wrong-foot ministers like Colin Moynihan and Tim Sainsbury, who assume there is infinite political mileage in "cracking down on hooliganism".

Two weeks ago, five European nations signed the "Schengen" treaty, committing themselves to free movement within their external borders, and a single intelligence agency collecting information on their citizens. Police from one country will be able to pursue people through the others. Italy wants to join as soon as possible, and Britain will too in due course. But without a basic commitment to policing within the rule of law, such a system could easily become an instrument of repression. And Italy's commitment, on present showing, is looking very shaky.

Sound effects

The grunt emitted by the tennis player at the moment of striking the ball was first noted in the case of Jimmy Connors in the early seventies. The motivation was obscure, though it was most probably connected with the expression of aggression, the sort of cry with which a karate black belt accompanies a windpipe-shattering blow.

Clive James once speculated that it might be a form of camouflage. Though the grunt and the ball contact occurred simultaneously, the grunt travelled faster and the opponent might then attempt to hit the grunt and miss the ball.

The grunt swiftly entered the women's game in the form of a high pitched groan emitted by Tracy Austin. But when Austin's career was cut short by injury it went out of fashion.

Now it is back with the uncompromising guttural bellow of Monica Seles. This has caused something of a sensation and has been measured by a tabloid newspaper at 91.7 decibels, which is apparently almost as loud as a pneumatic drill.

Less interesting than the sound itself is the British reaction to it. Is the grunt an offence to manners, much as it might be to fart loudly on the Centre Court? Or is it a matter of prudery? No one objected to Connors' brutishness but the sound of adolescent girls groaning may be too suggestive for the Humbert Humberts of the All England Club.

In an interview with David Edgar in the latest issue of *Marxism Today*, Sebastian Coe, prospective Conservative candidate for Falmouth and Camborne, observed that "We don't live too comfortably with the vision of a woman walking off a track wreathed in sweat... And I'm not actually sure that we're that comfortable with successful women generally."

Female athletes embody a nexus of power, sexuality and success that can upset certain repressive stereotypes. In other words, a grunt can be a feminist statement.



Camden Council's green transport policy is not proving a conspicuous success. The Ham and High reports on the failure of some newly-installed red bicycle posts to fulfil their intended purpose. One local businessman has made it his duty to monitor their usage. After four weeks he noted that 17 dogs had been tied to the post, four children and two snakes, but no bicycles. Eighteen months later, the tally is: horses 17, dogs 947. Total snake and child figures are not reported. And the bicycles have yet to score.

Going by the books

In January the Senior Chief Inspector's Annual Report on education found that "the basic skills of literacy and numeracy are given priority in the vast majority of primary schools and are at least satisfactory and often good in over 90 per cent of primary schools." *Reading Policy and Practice*, 5-14, an HMI report which came out last December, noted that "constraints such as the large size of many [primary] classes and inadequate book provision contributed to reading weakness".

But last week educational psychologists from nine education authorities released confidential data which they said showed a marked decline in reading standards in primary schools. According to the *Times Educational Supplement*, which reported their findings, the psychologists felt that "either the curriculum or teaching methods must be responsible."

Confusion surrounds the psychologists' findings. How can they have tested half the seven-year-olds in Britain—as they seem to claim? How can findings from authorities who use different testing procedures be compatible? Why is it implied that teachers are using just the "real book" approach (where children memorise whole words) as opposed to the phonics-based approach (in which they learn letters first) when most schools use both?

Any evidence that reading standards are declining is too important to be ignored. But we need better research than this.

Levers of power

British prime ministers have too much and too little power. The case for a written constitution

My first car was a 1936 Wolseley with shiny walnut picnic panels, silky tassels to cling to and easily noticed flipper trafficators. After a gentle vacation tour of East Anglia it conveniently expired in St Giles by the back door of Balliol College. I wish that the British model Westminster constitution, greatly admired in its day, would give up the ghost so gracefully, for it is now scarcely fit for the road. And there are so many other more serviceable models from which to choose.



Robert MacLennan

The pre-requisite for constitutional updating is often thought to be a moment of historical discontinuity: the ending of war, colonial status, foreign occupation or revolution. But the proposition advanced by the Liberal Democrats in Britain is that we urgently need a quiet constitutional revolution, in which parliamentary sovereignty is supplanted by constitutional government, to bring to an end the long-running crisis of the British polity. To advocate a written constitution is to step deliberately beyond the position of the former Alliance parties which favoured a series of constitutional changes.

We face an uncomfortable truth: although no written constitution can guarantee good government or civil liberties, its absence ensures the denial of liberties and the continuance of bad government. People outside parliament and active party politics find this easier to admit than do those of us who have tried to work the parliamentary system from the inside. MPs cling to the hope that if only old so-and-so were given his head at the Treasury, or if only enlightenment dawned at the Home Office, then, like Candide, we could retire and make our gardens grow. But these twin tendencies of British political analysis, to personalise and to idealise, blind us to our uniquely defective political institutions.

Certainly, every other democratic state in the world possesses a basic statute delineating the form and powers of the states' institutions and in most cases spelling out the civil rights of citizens under the law. The circumstances in which these constitutions were adopted, and the happenstance by which Britain is without such a fundamental law, are of less importance than the part constitutions play in forming the habits of mind of the governed and the governors alike.

The absolutist powers of the British Prime

Minister, no doubt coveted in quarters other than Conservative, are simply unthinkable in any country with pretensions to democracy which has a written constitution. In no such country would the head of the civil service define serving the interests of the state in terms of loyalty to the executive arm of government.

In no such country would the national government, elected with a minority mandate, simply abolish an intermediate tier of government, like the GLC, without referendum or other constitutional processes requiring evidence of broad popular consent.

In no such country would freedom of expression not be explicitly secured by the constitution and its denial by government not be remediable by a constitutional court. In no such country would all powers of senior judicial appointment lie unchecked with a cabinet minister or the Prime Minister alone. In no such country would the date of the election be chosen by the head of the government to serve the interests of the party in power.

MPs hope that if only light dawned at the Home Office, we could retire to our gardens

Well, perhaps it is not demonstrably true that in no democracy with a written constitution would any of these things happen. It is certainly true that in combination these things would never happen in a democracy with a written constitution.

Over a hundred years ago Dicey taught his students in Oxford that the sovereignty of parliament was absolute. It is not recorded whether the students quaked at the revelation or whether, like Monsieur Jourdain on learning that he spoke prose, they found it rather delightful. Today, I think, attitudes differ. If prose sounds merely stuffy, absolutism sounds positively dangerous. The unlimited sovereign-

ty of parliament was never wholly accepted by the Scots who believed it to be subject to the Act of Union. More recently, the European Community has dented Dicey's doctrine.

But what parliamentary sovereignty still means in practice in Britain today is that central government in London exercises hegemonic power in the state, ignores or over-rules other elected representative institutions, and plays fast and loose with freedoms which we thought assured in a manner which might have embarrassed a Hanoverian monarch.

The singularity of Britain's constitutional arrangements can no longer be justified by the claim that they promote effective government. Centralised power does not necessarily deliver the proclaimed aims of central government.

The elusive achievements of high employment and low inflation remain out of reach. Increased central state authority has manifestly failed to promote greater unity between the regions and nations of the United Kingdom, either in terms of living standards and life chances or at the level of political and social sentiment. Britain still has a lower growth rate, higher inflation and lower national income per head than most of our European partners. Central government may pull the levers of power but, after much spluttering and creaking, nothing happens.

The process of adopting a written constitution would be one of national renewal. By our decisions we would be re-defining our democratic values, not simply constructing new machinery of government in which the parts effectively articulate with each other. We would choose to rid ourselves of the secrecy of government which hampers participation and prevents accountability. We would choose to reflect in our elected institutions the opinions of the electors by adopting a fair voting system. We would not choose to fill the upper house with hereditary and appointed peers. We would not deny our citizens remedies in our own courts when their fundamental freedoms come under attack.

And, when the constitution is agreed, those who exercise power would do so by constitutional right only within the limits prescribed by the people from whom its authority derives. This redefinition of our democracy, giving meaning to citizenship, would provide the dynamic which Britain has so long lacked.

Robert MacLennan MP launched the Liberal Democrats' draft constitution today.



114. 1. 9. 90 THE PERSON WHO FAILED TO EXPRESS BAFLEMENT AT THE RISE IN THE CRIME FIGURES WITH THANKS TO H.M. BOTTLEMAN © JACOB BOLT

TAKING LIBERTIES

The trial of Marion Barry, Washington's sleazy black mayor, for alleged cocaine abuse, demonstrates the American genius for turning anything into a game show. The jurors on the case are now national celebrities, as a result of a gruelling two-week selection process in which both sides horse-traded their way through a panel of 500 Washington residents. The defence lawyers wanted black jurors; the prosecution wanted white ones. The 16 who made it to the court have even had their thumbnail biographies published in the press.



Jolyon Jenkins

In Britain, where it's illegal to publish jurors' details and where discussion of race is taboo, this looks utterly bizarre. Last year Peter Herbert, a prominent member of the Society of Black Lawyers, tried to persuade a judge that his black client deserved a multi-racial jury, since race was an issue in the case. The judge, evidently baffled by this request, refused—and the trial went ahead with an all-white jury.

Peter Herbert took the case to the Court of Appeal, and lost. Lord Lane, in an extraordinarily patronising judgement, insisted that jurors

had to be selected randomly. He cited Lord Denning: "We believe that 12 persons selected at random are likely to be a cross-section of the people as a whole and thus represent the views of the common man... the parties must take them as they come."

But Herbert may have the last laugh. Last week he published a report in which he claimed that black people in white towns and cities are routinely being convicted by white middle-class juries. In response, the Lord Chancellor's

Department announced that it would carry out a survey into jury composition.

The problem with Denning's dictum is that it depends on a statistical fallacy. Twelve persons selected at random are most *unlikely* to be a cross-section of society. The number is just too small. (Opinion pollsters know this: they try to question at least 1,000 people, and make sure they *are* representative.) Random selection conflicts with the right to a trial by one's peers.

Besides, judicial homilies about taking jurors as they come are a bit much. As Michael Cox QC has said: "It is within the recent memory of

many members of the Bar that juries at one London court would be summarily dismissed if they acquitted... whilst convicting juries would be kept together throughout the session."

There's a certain comic quality about the Lord Chancellor's Department's assurance that it will look into the matter. Two years ago the government deliberately set out to make the situation worse. Until 1988 defence lawyers had the right to veto up to three prospective jurors without giving their reasons (known as "peremptory challenge"). This sometimes allowed the defence to achieve a sort of racial balance. But in line with its view that any right which is being used must be abolished, the government scrapped peremptory challenge. To express concern now is like Rupert Murdoch worrying about falling press standards.

Having admitted that multi-racial juries are in general a good thing, the government is now rather stuck. It can bring back peremptory challenge—which would make it look awfully silly. Or it can abandon the shibboleth of random selection—which would annoy a whole generation of judges. But don't expect anything to happen soon. In 1913 an official committee recommended a reform of the process of jury selection. We're still waiting.

DIARY

Old hippies—and I suspect that there are more than a few among my readers—may remember the conviction for littering that launched the action of Arlo Guthrie's great story/song, *Alice's Restaurant*. He was identified and convicted because his name had been found on an envelope under a large pile of illegally dumped garbage.

I thought of this last Sunday when I found my name in the middle of a load of garbage. The refuse in question was an article in the *Sunday Times* by Bryan Appleyard on the "chattering classes", a phrase that has been of considerable significance in that newspaper's critique of the liberal opposition to Mrs Thatcher.

Appleyard listed all the usual suspects like Jonathan Miller, Marina Warner, Anthony Sampson, Brian Redhead and so on "plus anybody called Lawson, Tennant, Soames, Bonham-Carter, French, Dimpleby or Toynbee". I take it that the Frenches here referred to are my father, Philip, myself and possibly the much more famous Dawn, who is no relation. (Incidentally, it has occurred to me that in the unlikely event that Dawn French were to divorce Lenny Henry and marry me, we would avoid the difficulty that right-on parents now have in deciding what surname to give their children; on the other hand, if I were to marry the actress, Sean Young, we would always be opening each other's mail by mistake. I've been wanting to share this little *pensée* for some time, but reading through it now I'm not quite sure why.)

I don't object to having my name included in such a list—in fact I would have felt a bit miffed to have been left out. I was just disappointed with the blandness of the article itself. If you're going to be attacked, let it at least be by a real intellectual bootboy like Roger Scruton.

Appleyard was writing a form of glossy mag sociology. The point is to take some new social category and then list all the things these people like doing, their prejudices, where they hang out and so on.

There is no doubt that the phrase "chattering classes" refers to something significant. The problem, I suspect, is that Appleyard is himself a bit of a closet media liberal trying to blend in with the landscape at Wapping. His characterisation of the chatterers lacked the vitriolic ideological hatred we expect from the *Sunday Times*. Take the following list of the supposed characteristics of the class: "For him Nelson Mandela can do no wrong and Norman Tebbit no right. He is an agnostic not an atheist. Ian McEwan is a genius, JK Galbraith a great man and Alan Bennett is wonderful but not Alan Ayckbourn. A N Wilson, in spite of his sudden switch to Labour, remains unacceptable. He drives a Saab...turbo. The chatterer's periodicals are *The Face*, *Interiors* and *Vanity Fair*,



Sean French

while his books are *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and *One of Us*, Hugo Young's biography of Thatcher."

And so on and so on. A list like this can go on for ever if you are, as here, doing nothing but join names together almost at random. It is a waste of time to argue in detail, such as to point out that Ayckbourn wrote the most telling anti-Thatcher plays of the eighties, but then the list as a whole made no sense. Is Appleyard really trying to convince us that there is a group of people aged between 30 and 50

(which he stated earlier) who consider Galbraith a great man and buy *The Face*? The point to make about Galbraith, if you want to be nasty, is that all he means to today's liberals is the phrase "private affluence and public squalor" (it was cited with a sneer as a maxim of the chattering classes on the very next page of the *Sunday Times*).

But why does the *Sunday Times* worry about the chattering classes so much? Judging by the coverage they are accorded one might imagine that Jonathan Miller and Marina Warner are covertly running the country according to an agenda culled from Chatto's *CounterBlast* pamphlets.

The point is, I think, that they represent a form of politics that the *Sunday Times* has declared obsolete, a politics of debate, of institutions, rights, citizens, commissions. The decline of public space in literal terms—roads, parks, transport—under the Conservatives has often been noted to the point of becoming a cliché but there has been a similar decline in public political life.

For many supporters of Mrs Thatcher, the political debate is essentially over, except for certain matters of detail. Where the far left wanted us to spend all our spare time voting about amendments at political meetings, the right now want us to spend all our time as consumers. In particular, there is an obvious bafflement that prosperous people could want to waste their time in political discussion rather than in enjoying the benefits derived from the current government.

It is an attitude that is spreading. I heard someone say recently that the best way to support the National Health Service is to go private. This is Mrs Thatcher's view as well and she has been heard scolding Kenneth Clarke for not doing so. The point is that this is a way of shortening the queues for services.

But to argue this is to forget that the NHS was invented with a certain sense of community in mind... But I forget. Nowadays even to use words like community brands one immediately as an unreconstructed chatterer. The shift has been remarkable. I remember about 15 years ago, Richard Hoggart—a quintessential chat-

terer, if ever there was one—arguing that good education was as much a basic human right as clean water, an analogy that doesn't quite work any more. I think we would now have to rephrase that as "as little a basic human right as..."

I'm grateful to Tony Gould for passing over to me a copy of *Clever Hearts*, a joint biography of Desmond and Molly MacCarthy by joint-authors, Hugh and Mirabel Cecil (published by Gollancz later this month).

This literary couple are not obviously fascinating subjects for a book of their own but I have had my attention drawn to one particular page which describes Desmond's travails, in particular "the amount of work he had to undertake to supplement his meagre income from the *New Statesman*". For the *Statesman* he wrote a weekly column under the bizarre title of 'Affable Hawk' and it proved something of a strain: "over the period 1920 to 1928, he averaged 51 'Affable Hawks' a year and could only get away for a holiday by writing several at a time."

I'll make no comment about money, since we all work for love and the struggle but at least the holiday arrangements are better now. I'm off now for a fortnight and I've written no extra columns at all.

ROGER WODDIS

Huddled Masses, Inc.

"The demand of cruelly deprived people for a decent life is seen as dangerous to US interests; quite simply, the poor are dangerous."—Martha Gellhorn, on the American invasion of Panama

The night shall be bright with fireworks,
Each church have a full attendance,
And millions will look to our cousins
Who celebrate Independence.

The Fourth of July marks freedom
And an end to colonial slavery;
It's only the disaffected
Who find it a shade unsavoury.

Ring bells for the freed of Europe,
The Lett and the Lithuanian;
Be grateful for God's Own Country,
God help you, if you're Panamanian.

Two worlds that are simply divided,
A frontier that's clearly befitting:
The dangerous poor who are shat on,
And those who are doing the shitting.

VERSO

NEW BOOKS FOR A NEW WORLD

FAREWELL PERESTROIKA

BORIS KAGARLITSKY

Translated by Rick Simon

Newly elected to the Moscow Soviet, Kagarlitsky's indefatigable attempt to analyse the changes underway in the Soviet Union continues with this month-by-month chronicle of the last year.

'Kagarlitsky's brilliant analysis of the state of the Soviet Union today reveals the scale of the problem that perestroika has to contend with.'

The Good Book Guide

228 pp £24.95 hardback £8.95 paperback

EXIT

A Romanian Story

RICHARD WAGNER

Translated by Quintin Hoare

'Wagner manages to convey the starkness, drabness and monochromatic quality of life in Ceaucescu's Romania... as an historical document this is an essential work.'

Kaleidoscope

'Richard Wagner conveys the dreariness of oppression better than any writer since George Orwell in 1984'

The Times

136 pp £24.95 hardback £6.95 paperback

WHY DID THE HEAVENS NOT DARKEN?

The 'Final Solution' in History

ARNO J. MAYER

A major new account of the origins of the Nazi slaughter of the Jews

'...thoroughly researched and brilliantly, stylishly and above all sensitively written...a masterly study of probably the most difficult and painful topic a historian can tackle'

The Nation

528 pp £39.95 hardback £12.95 paperback

THE VAMPIRE OF REASON

An Essay in the Philosophy of History

RICHARD JAMES BLACKBURN

What role has Nature played in the development of human history? This powerful exploration of the dialectic of creation, preservation and destruction places Nature centre stage, as an active force which not only creates and consumes the human species but is even the very reason why human beings perpetually recreate and destroy one another.

232 pp £32.95 hardback £10.95 paperback



VERSO

UK: 6 Meard Street, London W1V 3HR
USA: 29 West 35th Street, New York 10001-2291

QUARTET ENCOUNTERS
paperback series brings together
influential and outstanding
works of twentieth-century
European literature in
translation

*'Not only extraordinary
variety but remarkable
quality too. A
comparativist's paradise'*
JOHN BAYLEY

Alain
Lou Andreas-Salomé
Aharon Appelfeld
Gaston Bachelard
Giorgio Bassani
Thomas Bernhard
Robert Bresson
Hermann Broch
E. M. Cioran
René Crevel
Stig Dagerman
Grazia Deledda
Heimito von Doderer
Marcellus Emants
Carlo Emilio Gadda
Andrea Giovane
Julien Green
Martin A. Hansen
Eugene Ionesco
Gustav Janouch
Ismail Kadaré
Miroslav Krleža
Pär Lagerkvist
Valéry Larbaud
Arnošt Lustig
Osip Mandelstam
Henry de Montherlant
Stratis Myrivilis
Pier Paolo Pasolini
Ramón Pérez de Ayala
Luigi Pirandello
D. R. Popescu
Rainer Maria Rilke
Victor Segalen
Boris Vian
Elio Vittorini
Stanislaw Witkiewicz

*'The best of world writing in
translation'*
GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI



Blackwell HISTORY

Coercion, Capital and European States AD 990-1990

CHARLES TILLY

Provocative and path-breaking, this book challenges all previous formulations of state development in Europe including Tilly's own, putting to rest the conception of European state development as a single, unilinear process.

hardback £25.00 (1-55786-067-X) 288 pages,
5 maps, 12 figs, 1990

Series: *Studies in Social Discontinuity*

Culture and Belief in Europe 1450-1600

An Anthology of Sources

DAVID ENGLANDER,

DIANA NORMAN, ROSEMARY
O'DAY and WILLIAM OWENS

In a selection of over 80 extracts, some not reprinted since the sixteenth century, the editors seek to reveal the interrelationship between the politics, religion and writing of the period. The selection includes the writings of Erasmus, Luther, Thomas Aquinas and Machiavelli.

hardback £39.50 (0-631-16989-X) (1989)
paperback £9.95 (0-631-16991-1) 636 pages,
10 illustrations, 1990

Reading Material Culture Structuralism, Hermeneutics and Post-Structuralism

Edited by CHRISTOPHER TILLEY

Focusing on the work of Roland Barthes, Jacques Derrida, Michel Foucault, Clifford Geertz, Claude Levi-Strauss and Paul Ricoeur, the author discusses the nature of time and history; discourse and textuality; the problem of subjectivity; and the politics of academic production.

hardback £40.00 (0-631-16081-7) paperback
£12.95 (0-631-17285-8) 256 pages, 1990

A History of Alcoholism

JEAN-CHARLES SOURNIA

Translated by Nicholas Hindley and
Gareth Stanton

*'the first fully-documented, cross-cultural
account published in English, of one major facet
of the history of drinking: the story of alcohol
abuse.'* Roy Porter

hardback £25.00 (0-631-15267-9) 258 pages,
1990

BASIL BLACKWELL

108 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1JF UK
3 Cambridge Center, Suite 302, Cambridge MA 02142

Sitting on defence

Labour's defence policy is to lie low and hope things turn out all right. History is moving the other way, says Stephen Howe

It ought to be the best of times to be a disarmar. It should be a good time for Labour's attitudes on defence to win new friends, and a bad one for Tory hawks. But for some Labour leaders it seems the only good defence news is no news. When they launched their new policy document, *Looking to the Future*, in May there was ill-concealed smugness at the dearth of questions on defence. Foreign affairs spokesman Gerald Kaufman said the seeming lack of press interest in the subject was in itself "a certain compliment to the defence policy we decided last year."

The policy decided last year was, of course, the abandonment of unilateralism. Peace campaigners argue that, as Bruce Kent put it in the last issue of *Samizdat*, "the Labour Party, in pursuit of votes at the price of integrity, has made exactly the wrong decision at the wrong time." Labour defence spokesman Martin O'Neill, himself long a CND stalwart, angrily rejects the charge of lost integrity. But the party is obviously caught between two quite different sets of demands. The evolving European situation, the collapse of the Warsaw Pact, and superpower detente seem to require one sort of response, involving drastic rethinking of the whole concept of security. But the moods of the British electorate—supposedly both wildly erratic and deeply conservative on issues of defence—dictate a quite different and less imaginative strategy.

Labour has opted, here as on other major policy questions, to adapt to the perceived demands of centre-ground public opinion. The danger is that it is missing the opportunities—literally once-in-a-lifetime ones—presented by the transformation of east-central Europe. Many within the party believe so, and their dismay is echoed by commentators far outside the ranks of CND or of the party's "hard left". The tensions exist even within the shadow cabinet, with clear differences of emphasis between Kaufman and O'Neill, pressures from economics spokespeople eager for the windfall big arms cuts generate—and near silence from a party leader who has himself come through an agonising conversion from unilateralist to multilateralist.

The party has persistently run athwart a current of public opinion deeply neurotic about defence, for reasons having to do with fading delusions of imperial grandeur. Perceptions of the party as "soft" on the issue have recurrently damaged its standing; by no means only in periods when its policy has been unilateralist. Defence is not an issue on which the electorate feels strongly in any settled way: it usually ranks fairly low on voters' lists of political priorities. But it is also an issue whose salience can suddenly shoot up, especially in times of uncertainty. It can quite suddenly assume significance in an election campaign—as it did in 1983 and 1987.

Labour strategists, heavily influenced by the findings of Philip Gould's Shadow Communications Agency (the ad hoc group of advertising folk roped together by Walworth Road) decided early in 1989 that all this meant the party could be badly hurt on the issue but could gain little. It was best, after

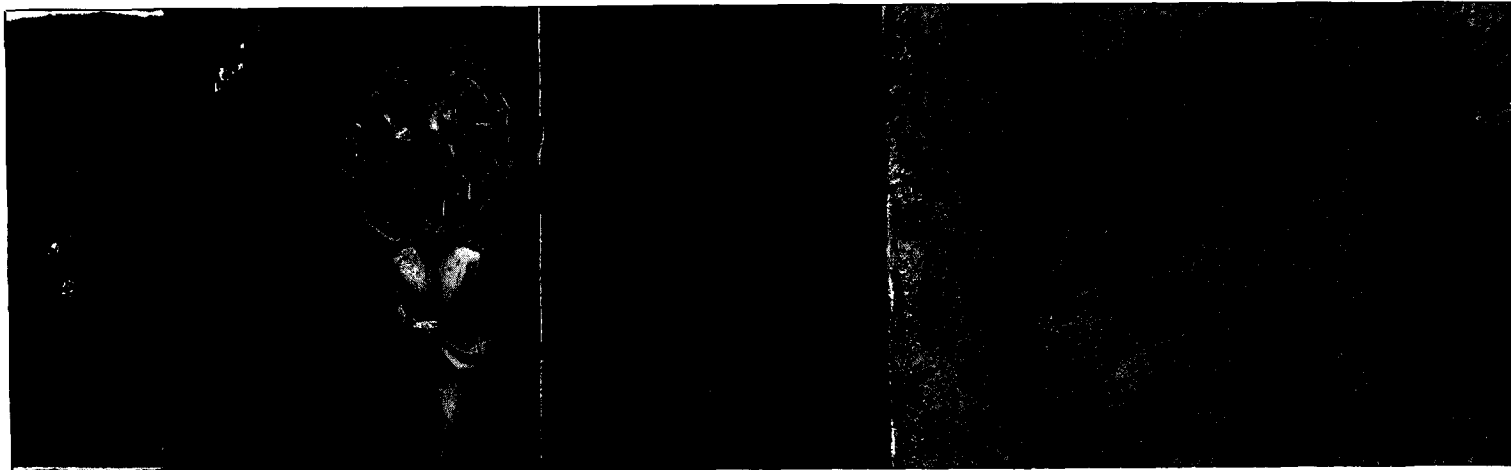
shedding the supposedly dangerous burden of unilateralism, to keep a very low profile. Kaufman's original draft for the foreign policy section of *Looking to the Future* contained a great deal more purple prose than the published version, but was no more specific in its commitments. But the front-benchers directly responsible for defence, disarmament and the services, particularly O'Neill and the late Sean Hughes—who died tragically young last week—could not rely on silence alone. And the seismic continental shifts have presented them with a whole series of new challenges.

First of these is the prospect of major cuts in the defence budget. Superpower negotiations and east European transformation make these possible; the plight of the British economy makes them increasingly necessary. There is massive evidence that Britain's historically very high levels of defence spending, including the concentration of a large proportion of our research and development capacity in military projects, has been a major cause of our economic weakness. Crudely, the higher the proportion of GDP a country has spent on defence since the war, the lower has been its growth rate: and Britain has been spending almost 50 per cent more than the west European average.

Labour is divided on defence cuts. Last year's party conference passed a motion—proposed by Bruce Kent and resisted by the leadership committing it to reduce arms spending "initially to equal the average level of other west European countries". That would mean knocking about £5 billion off the budget. Kaufman promptly announced that this was not party policy, and would in effect be ignored. But the new policy document now talks of "reductions in defence expenditure far beyond anything envisaged at last year's Labour Party conference". This statement has caused some confusion, and some see it as a blunder. Does it mean cuts bigger than the £5 billion, or bigger than last year's review envisaged? Some party sources insist it's the latter; yet the review document mentioned no figures. O'Neill, however, says bigger cuts than the £5 billion *are* possible. The difference is that the conference motion implied unilateral cuts whereas Labour will reduce only by multilateral negotiation within Nato; and that no time scale is being specified.

In fact O'Neill has entirely refused to specify either figures for cuts Labour would implement, or a timetable for them. If any particular sum were proposed, it's argued, the Tories could then claim that this meant scrapping the entire navy, or some similarly drastic measure. On timing, O'Neill says it could be six or seven years before the British economy felt the benefits of defence savings in any case.

Meanwhile, Ken Livingstone has been brandishing a report from Cambridge Econometrics which, he says, shows that a 50 per cent arms cut by the end of the century would reduce unemployment by 520,000, raise investment by five per cent, and increase GDP by £10 billion. O'Neill responds that the Cambridge report is so heavily qualified that its findings can't sustain the weight of Livingstone's attack. But



Gary Bates

Livingstone is not alone. At least five of the Labour speeches in the defence estimates debate were sharply critical of the party's policy. But the left doesn't have a very cohesive view either; it's more divided than ever between a "Little England" version of unilateralism, and advocacy of a new pan-European security order. O'Neill can also quite reasonably claim that there's less inner-party resistance to his policy than ever before.

Moreover, O'Neill has to tread carefully in any effort to target areas to cut. Both parties have their internal vested interests to watch here. For the Tories it's the armed forces lobby itself; the "cap badge" loyalties of people who will bitterly resist any attempt to disband this or that ancient regiment. Yet Labour has its cap badge fetishists too, men like Pat Duffy or John Gilbert. Labour may even find it *more* difficult to reform or cut ancient institutions than do the Tories, because it feels under more pressure to *prove* its loyalty to them: as with the monarchy or the House of Lords, so with the services.

An even larger stumbling block, though, is formed by civilian employees of defence industries and their unions. O'Neill insists that "the military-industrial complex can't be allowed to dictate the pace of defence cuts", but knows he must carry the unions with him. He thinks he's succeeding, but there will still be some hard bargaining ahead. Labour proposes a defence diversification agency to plan arms conversion. But it will be under the Ministry of Defence's umbrella, which seems to mix poacher and gamekeeper in an uneasy combination. Overall, O'Neill says there can be "no price tags" on defence. "In opposition, we simply don't have the figures, and we can't predict the future." The present government might throw all calculations out by opting for an extremely expensive new rapid deployment force. And anything might happen in Germany.

There is new trouble brewing too on the question of Britain's nuclear deterrent. O'Neill insists there can be no fixed timetable for negotiations on Polaris or Trident; and will not say under what circumstances, if any, Labour might revert from multilateral to unilateral action to decommission them. Party leaders insist that the policy of a year ago still stands, despite all the changes in Europe since then. And it's rather the same story on nuclear modernisation. Labour says it remains adamantly opposed to a replacement for the Lance short-range missile: once Mrs Thatcher's pet project. But since the idea is effectively dead, this hardly seems to matter. Far more alive is the proposal over a new generation of nuclear-armed planes, probably to be armed with new TASMs (tactical air-to-surface missiles). And on this there is extreme caution.

But what if, as is entirely possible, the new weapons are introduced, but the Germans and perhaps all other European Nato members refuse to have them on their soil? What if Britain alone were called upon to do so? Labour would argue within Nato against their stationing. O'Neill says that the

party supports a "third Zero" in Europe. But if they were already in place when a Labour government came in, they would not unilaterally be expelled. No weapons will be removed, no bases closed except by agreement within Nato.

The bottom line here is that Labour is emphasising in all circumstances its absolute loyalty to the Nato alliance. It has, in a sense, always done so even when it was unilateralist. Today its stance is at least internally consistent; and, O'Neill believes, in tune with public opinion. "Nato is a fact; and there is no public support in Britain for withdrawal." A Labour Britain would, with political allies, "pose a substantial challenge to the existing assumptions of Nato." It would try to set new ground rules for the alliance, propose a new conception of European security. But in the short term at least, Nato is a force for stability. The idea proposed by German SPD foreign affairs spokesman Karsten Voigt, of Nato and Warsaw Pact as "partners" against nationalist security postures may be attractive, but the Labour front-bench doesn't believe it is viable when the Warsaw Pact is dissolving. Is this really the time to be *more* loyal to Nato, less innovative in thinking about security structures, than before? History, surely, is moving the other way.

*Both Labour and the Tories have their
"cap badge" fetishists—people who will
bitterly resist any attempt to disband
this or that ancient regiment*

Mary Kaldor, in evidence to the Commons defence committee, has argued that Britain faces three choices for the nineties. It can maintain a "wait and see" attitude, staying loyal to Nato and keeping an independent British defence role. It can try to integrate British forces into a new western European defence entity based on the EC. Or it can help start constructing a new non-nuclear, post-blocs security system embracing the whole of Europe. The present policy is to stick with the "wait and see" option. Even its most imaginative thinking moves only toward the second. Yet only the third offers stable, long-term peace and security.

Our biggest "defence" interest is in seeing viable democracies built and sustained in the USSR and throughout east-central Europe. There is no precedent for two full-fledged democracies going to war with one another. The biggest and best thing a British government could now do would be to divert spending from weapons to international aid. Saving the USSR and east-central Europe from collapse will increase our security and so our prosperity more than any reform that can be gained through Nato. ●

A Yank in Moscow

Ralph Nader, the US consumer troubleshooter, has been meeting reformers in Moscow. James Ridgeway sat in on their talks



Nicolai Ignatiev/Network

It's late in the afternoon, but the crowds inside GUM, the cavernous version of a department store that faces the Kremlin on Red Square, shove their way from one queue to another with morning rush-hour intensity. Ralph Nader, America's radical consumer troubleshooter, plunges into the crowd, accompanied by a US television crew, and tries to interview a line of women who are waiting to buy gold jewellery as a hedge against inflation.

"What is it you would like to buy that you cannot buy?" Nader asks.

We don't have anything to put on—clothes and shoes.

"Is it worse than two years ago?"

It is a difficult question to answer. It is harder to get the goods that I want to buy. But now I can speak about it.

"Why do people talk about the food shortage in Moscow?"

In my mind, most people think that food is not the most important thing in life and many people are happy now that they can speak. It is good to have hope, not to lose hope. There is a proverb: hope is the last thing that dies.

"What do you do when you stand in line?" I read or talk to

people. I never grumble. People have got used to these queues. "Would you join a consumer protection group in Moscow if one existed?" Yes, I would join.

"Our lives are very bad," another woman broke in shouting. "We don't have anything in our shops. And we wait for other people to send some things from other countries." With that, she waved aside a plea to be interviewed and disappeared into the crowd.

Nader moved along the line, pausing to ask a man, "What are the principal shortages in the stores?" Shortage of everything. "Who caused the shortages?" Government.

"Would you like to see a strong consumer movement?" I would like to see it but I don't think it is possible now. "Would you like to see the special stores for the elites closed down?" Yes, of course. "If the elites had to queue like everyone do you think the situation would improve?" Yes, of course. But they would never queue, never.

"How long do you queue?" Up to five hours a day. Practically all the free time I have after work, I queue.

"Some people say that because the Soviet people have to

James Ridgeway is national affairs writer for New York's "Village Voice".

queue it gives them time to reflect and become philosophical." The entire line of men and women, now intently leaning in to see Nader, broke into a huge laugh. "In the United States if they had queues this long there would be revolution." More laughter.

Ralph Nader and his team of consumer movement advocates had just arrived in Moscow. They were eager to launch a western-style consumer movement there. For their part, the Russians were eager to find out what a contemporary "consumer advocate" looks like. Many of the Russians we met had already pored over Nader's books, and they wanted to find out how to adopt a Freedom of Information Act and how to establish standards of health and safety in the marketplace. Nader hoped to leave behind an assistant who could set up a permanent liaison in the Soviet Union.

Nader's first meeting was with Georgi Arbatov, head of the Soviet Institute of the USA and Canada, and Sergei Plekhanov, his deputy, both familiar interpreters of Soviet politics on western television. They talked long and earnestly of the Soviet citizen's rapturous embrace of a market economy. They reiterated the Soviet government's plans to throw open 70 per cent of the nation's economy to foreign investment, including something as yet unheard of in the US itself—the possibility of outright foreign ownership of the Soviet media. Then P Bunish, the member of the Supreme Soviet who is writing the new laws on foreign investment, shocked Nader by saying his favourite economist was Milton Friedman.

The Russians took to Nader right away—and not just because, in his narrow tie and plain business suit, he fitted right in on Gorky Street. Compared to the steady and by now ritualised passage of left-wing American intellectuals, Nader's visit was a breath of fresh air, his matter-of-fact, principled arguments winning their respect as Yankee commonsense application without an ideological torque.

But ultimately, it was *Mr Smith Goes to Moscow*, with Nader asking the Russians questions that seemed out of sync with the times, warning them against corporate greed and domination just as they were cutting deals with western multinationals and embracing free-market ideology.

Like everything else in the wild east atmosphere of the place, a trip to Moscow starts with a pack of Marlboros. It goes like this: the woman who has the keys on the 27th floor of the Hotel Ukraina smiles as we arrive. "Please," she says, "I have no smoke", and holds out her empty pack of Russian cigarettes. No problem: one pack of Marlboros to set her going. She smiles sweetly.

Outside the hotel's front door, we want to take a taxi. That will be two packs of Marlboros and ten roubles, or two US dollars and one pack of Marlboros, or four packs of Marlboros, or varying combinations thereof.

"Hello," says the young man outside Red Square. "Are you from the States? Would you like to do business with me? A Red Army watch, perhaps, or would you care to exchange some roubles at 15 to one?" We follow another young man into his car. "What would you like to buy here?" he grins, opening up a kit bag. "A genuine used hockey shirt from the Russian team. It's not a fake. \$40. A doll? What about a rabbit hat? Here's a T-shirt that says 'I am a KGB agent.' Do you want sneakers? Watches? A belt? You want a real Red Army hat? No problem." This Soviet businessman doesn't want money, but prefers to barter for US-made goods. We end up trading a dirty Brooks Brothers button-down shirt for dolls and a KGB T-shirt.

Switching to a market economy may seem like a great idea, but Muscovites don't all relish the prospect. Food is scarce now, but many of the necessities of life are either free or dirt cheap. Food staples cost little, perhaps 16p for a loaf of bread. Vladimir Posner, the Soviet television commentator, lives in a three-bedroom flat that, under a 1928 rent law, costs 22 roubles (£2.35) a month, including services.

Public transport costs next to nothing. Medical care is free, as is university tuition. Local telephone calls are free, although you have to be fairly adroit to find the numbers since the formal Moscow telephone book, published in a rare four-volume set, is hard to come by.

For many Muscovites, Gorbachev's by now modest *perestroika*—not to mention Boris Yeltsin's more vigorous democratisation and full restoration of the market—is frightening, promising a changed world in which their jobs may be eliminated and where staple goods will become not just scarce, but completely beyond their means.

All the same, city officials here go on and on about the wonders of the market—if it weren't for the steady flow of vodka, you'd think you were at a New Right convention. For some, it's a meandering trip down memory lane, back to the New Economic Policy of the 1920s and the resurrection of true communism; others talk about democratic socialism based on the Scandinavian model. But the best analogy is with the short, heady period last autumn when East Germans dreamed of creating a socialist market economy. That was to have been a "third way", preserving the floor of subsidies which protect ordinary people, but raising the ceiling of government control, allowing individuals more freedom not only to think but to make money. That dream, of course, was swamped by the tidal wave for Kohl's Christian Democrats.

While the full implications of bringing the market to the Soviet Union aren't clear, the painful uncertainties of twilight communism are. Under Gorbachev, the Soviet Union has permitted entrepreneurs to launch businesses—called co-operatives—like small restaurants, consumer goods shops, computer outlets, and so on. They are still only a tiny part of the economy, but the relative success of the cooperatives has drawn out and enriched a Moscow "mafia". The mafia consists of gangs, some of them made up of former sports figures and veterans from special army units, who run protection rackets that skim the new entrepreneurs' profits.

Some of the cooperatives are themselves fronts for money laundering and speculation, or even part of the lucrative icon-smuggling trade. The mafia runs strings of prostitutes with the tacit support of the government—after

Nader warned the Russians against corporate greed just as they were cutting deals with multinationals and embracing free-market ideology

all, prostitution brings in hard currency. These days, prostitutes are the only Soviet citizens permitted at the western-style Cosmos Hotel, for example. They line up at the revolving door in the entrance, the most successful small entrepreneurs in Moscow.

Gorbachev's moderate reformers have been overcome in popularity by Boris Yeltsin's populist democrats. And yet Yeltsin himself is now being eclipsed by a small group of politicians within his own coalition. The leadership of these young Turks runs Moscow and Leningrad, where the city councils—or soviets—have become showcases for the new politics unfolding in the USSR. In Leningrad, Anatoli Sobchak, a former law professor, is mayor; and in Moscow, Gavril Popov and Sergei Stankevitch manage the city as mayor and deputy mayor. Yeltsin intends to make both mayors members of his new cabinet for all of Russia.

"When we talk about all power to the soviets, we're talking about investing power in bodies that are freely elected by the people," Sobchak told Nader. "The key

condition for the citizens to empower themselves is a reasonable and just legal system."

Nader warned him that democracy can be overpowered by concentrated private power. But, like so many of the new reform politicians he met, Sobchak replied in great earnestness, "Our problems are at a different level. The executive power of the government is dominant, so monopolistic. The key task is to wean power away from the state and invest it in society. We must worry about private power, but the immediate task is reducing the power of the state over the economy."

These reformers know they have to act fast, that their constituents care little about ideology and want to see signs of real change. To that end, after his election as prime minister of Russia, Yeltsin immediately promised to repair the potholed city streets of Moscow. Some already have been filled.

You could easily mistake Sergei Stankevitch, who looks a little like Dennis the Menace, for a modern European social democrat. With a base in a citizens' group called the Moscow Popular Front, he joined the party amid the Gorbachev reforms of 1987. Stankevitch considers himself a "pragmatic" politician, and—like Yeltsin—he is now prepared to leave the party if need be.

The coalition he and Popov head controls two-thirds of the seats in the Moscow city council. While Stankevitch acknowledges the change that has taken place over the last five years, he wants to see the pace quickened. "We are advocates of a real market-oriented, consumer-oriented economy," he said. "We want a real multi-party system. Reorganising the market and restructuring industry, with the resulting loss of jobs, are not easy to accomplish politically in Moscow, where nearly two-thirds of the workers are employed by the bureaucracy. If we have a transition to a more efficient economy, hundreds of thousands of people will walk the streets. We cannot afford this."

Nader asked about the official increase in the price of bread that was put off because of a storm of popular protest. "We were against the rise," Stankevitch said, "because it is purely bureaucratic action. They had one fixed price—and wanted to proceed to another fixed price. We were against it. No higher prices without opportunities for the market. The same bureaucracies, the same ministries and higher prices. It's unacceptable for us."

"So how would you fix the price of bread?" Nader asked.

"Of course, we should control certain prices," Stankevitch replied, for milk, for children's meals. We should make certain limits for these prices. We should preserve state subsidies in certain cases, but not direct subsidies for producers, for example. We should give direct compensation to retired people. They will pay the suppliers."

Stankevitch wants to convert state-owned enterprises, especially supermarkets, into private companies. Through a new company, the Universal Communications Company, the city wants to create an independent radio and television network for both entertainment and education.

Nader protested, arguing that western corporations would promptly seize the opportunity to deluge television with western-style entertainment programmes, recreating the trivial mix that dominates American television. "We prefer not to give foreign companies the right to buy TV stations," Stankevitch replied. "We will offer shares to foreign companies. We will not sell them outright. But we cannot create a new TV network without foreign participation. It is impossible for us. Why not try to combine leisure entertainment and serious problems?"

The Moscow city council is exploring ways to introduce features of direct democracy into the city, through referenda and ballot initiatives. This summer will see the first referendum when the city asks for approval of new regulations for the retail trade. "We would like to develop a real system of self-rule," Stankevitch says. "We would like to decentralise our power in Moscow and delegate authority to

the districts [there are 33] and to smaller communities. These are big districts. There is a real opportunity to delegate. We are preparing our first governing concept for self-government. We would like to adopt it by referenda this autumn. We think there should be no barrier between government and people."

But can you do it without organising neighbourhoods, districts, consumer groups, taxpayer groups?

"That is exactly what we need. We are trying to organise these local communities to have their own self-governing committees to monitor the situation. We want to give them money and authority to hire, for example, local police chiefs. They can have local consumer departments, for example, and many other public organisations at local level. It is not simply a problem of organisation or legal reform. The main problem is how to change the mentality of people, how to change consciousness. People are the victims of propaganda. They are used to going to various bureaucratic institutions to complain, to ask for help and to wait for help. The Soviet Union was a society of beggars, of real dependencies, of tremendous state paternalism."

Politically, these men are considerably more optimistic than one would expect. "The crisis is already finding a solution," Leningrad's mayor Sobchak said. "The party has renounced its monopoly on power, and the constitution recognises the possibility of a multi-party system. The economic crisis is more complicated. We are now in a gap because the old system is falling apart and the new system has not yet been built."

"The situation is so desperate that we could agree to sell off part of our gold reserves to help stabilise our economic situation" he declared.

All this left Nader somewhat bewildered. Coming from America where the yuppie-driven economy has been wracked by a series of speculative scandals that threaten to wreck the whole show, Nader found it hard to understand the Russian enthusiasm for capitalism, American-style. "It's creeping anarchy," he said, after leaving Sobchak. "Here is a system that once was ruled in an iron grasp, and it's just falling out of control. They're swinging from Marx to Friedman. They are the world's experts on bureaucracy and the state. But they don't know anything about what the market is going to do to them."

"Liberalisation is going to create an internal corps of minions for multinationals, so they'll have their own importers, brokers, etc. It will become an imitative economy, which means it will become an imitative culture. It's the third world all over again. They are moving from being hypercritical about everything western to hypersycophantic toward everything western. The schizophrenia is symbolised by the prostitutes at the Cosmos Hotel: they fall into two groups, "hard currency" and "soft currency" prostitutes.

At a meeting with two women leaders of the Soviet consumer movement, Nader wanted to know what had happened to 22 million state-manufactured brassières which people refused to buy because their style was so lugubriously awful. On translation, the women's faces broke into wide smiles. They replied that people didn't like them but wore them anyway, because the roads were bumpy. Ralph turned to his assistant John Richard and said "What does this mean?"

"I don't know," said Richard. "Let's try again." It turned out that the word *brassières* had been translated as *boots*.

The question was repeated, and this time the women laughed, nodded their heads appreciatively, and launched into a lengthy explanation. After listening closely, Sergei, our interpreter, shook his head and translated: "They explode if they are not properly tested. Sometimes the forces of nature cannot be contained."

Now thoroughly confused, I asked Sergei how he had translated the word "brassières". He replied, "Condoms". ●

We the people

There is now a forum where Europeans can meet as equals, not victors and dependants, reports Hilary Wainwright

Political diaries are full these days of western-dominated summits: the EC one week, Nato this, the two-plus-four talks in Berlin a few weeks ago, the Gang of Seven in Houston, Texas, soon. But where in all this diplomatic activity are the citizens' movements which actually set the political globe spinning?

True, in Czechoslovakia, and more uneasily in East Germany and Poland, some of the leaders of the east's human rights and peace movements are now in government. But don't those movements, which so stressed autonomy from the state, have a separate, and independent, voice? And what of the peace movements of the west with whom they cooperated over the past ten years? How are they resisting the manoeuvres of Nato's hawks to reconstruct Nato's rationale? Is there a meeting place for Europeans to act together as equals rather than winners and losers?

Vaclav Havel, his foreign minister, and the disarmament and defence, and foreign ministers of East Germany think so. They believe that the best hope for negotiating a Europe without the blocs lies in strengthening the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe—CSCE. This was the diplomatic talking shop which in 1975 negotiated the Helsinki Accords on peace, human rights and social justice. In some ways, Helsinki was the high point of detente. Western powers dismissed the accords as a wordy declaration signifying nothing, while the eastern bloc tried to use them to give their regimes democratic legitimacy. But most importantly, eastern opposition movements used the "Helsinki process" to expose those regimes' true anti-democratic nature, and to create east-west cooperation of a kind which is now beginning to have practical results.

Nato's triumphal propagandists have been insinuating that the only people who want to strengthen the CSCE are the Soviets. It's true that Vaclav Havel has made statements which seem to imply support in principle for Nato, rather than any non-partisan approach. Reports of his speech to the US Congress said that he had thanked the west for being strong in the 1980s. But when a delegation of peace movement activists questioned him on the matter, he said, a little defensively, that he couldn't be held responsible for how he was reported in the western press. "I do not recall thanking the US for promoting the arms race," he said. "I do think that western security structures in the past prevented the further expansion of Stalinism. But I believe that they are no longer necessary. I want to end bi-polarity."

The fall-back position is to dismiss people like Havel as "scribblers"—as if the revolutions happened without words. And the only major western power to take the CSCE seriously, in the sense of wanting to give it real functions like arms verification, and the power to carry them out, is West Germany, urged on by its foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. (He wants to ease Gorbachev's position abroad, in order to achieve the smooth unification of Germany.) The White House and Downing Street make encouraging noises

about CSCE, so long as it remains ineffectual and, above all, so long as it poses no threat to Nato's supremacy.

In the mid-1980s, Charter 77, END, the East German Peace and Human Rights Group, and many more, produced a document, *Giving Real Life to the Helsinki Accords*. Many of the people who came together then, from east and west, are now trying to rescue the idea of "citizens' self-government" from the new elites, who threaten to snatch victory from the popular movements of 1989.

The mechanism they have chosen is the establishment of a "Helsinki Citizens' Assembly", to be launched in Prague this October. It's an imaginative project—a voice for those who would otherwise be powerless in the reshaping of Europe, arguing for demilitarisation, economic justice, environmental responsibility, minority rights, national self-determination and radical forms of self-government. It's a project which could only be dreamed up by those with experience of bringing down seemingly invincible states.

The co-chair will be Jaroslav Sabata, a founder of Charter 77 and once one of the most spied-upon and imprisoned men in Czechoslovakia. This time last year, police cars blocked his way when he tried to leave Brno for a Charter 77 meeting. Now he's minister for federalism.

The assembly will set up standing commissions, intended to be a base for campaigns to mobilise pressure from below on the new, western-dominated institutions governing

"I do not recall thanking the US for promoting the arms race," Havel said. "Western security structures...are no longer necessary"

Europe. The plan is to encourage the "expansion of public [ie, non-state, non-private] spheres of activity and create a European public opinion".

The rhetoric of "civil society" and "autonomous social movements" dominates Citizens' Assembly talk, but the participation of Czech politicians raises potential problems. Government support is a mixed blessing, since it can easily be removed. Yet it can lend a certain credibility with other citizens and strengthen the Assembly's popular base.

Only a few people so far are involved with the attempt to organise Europe-wide co-operation. But national committees are forming in readiness for the launch of the Citizens' Assembly. In France, the anti-racist and immigrants' organisations are already involved. In Britain, Charter 88, END, Liberty, and the Socialist Society have joined together to create a new group, "European Dialogue".

The political diaries may, perhaps, begin to look rather different; and the planes that jet across Europe may start to carry a rather different sort of passenger.

Hilary Wainwright is writing a book on new forms of democracy in Europe. She represented Charter 88 and the Socialist Society at a preparatory meeting for the Citizens' Assembly

Tunnel vision

Vicky Hutchings travels on the Northern Line to darkest Balham with the transport minister

Roger Freeman, minister for public transport, is no Lord Curzon, who once leapt on a London tram and said "46 Cadogan Gardens, please." But his unfamiliarity with London Underground was visible last Friday. He stopped at the tube's new mechanical exit gates, so hated by Londoners, and paused, evidently bewildered, his yellow ticket wavering uncertainly. Four officials sprang forward to show him where to put it.

"How often do you travel on the Underground, minister," I asked?

"That's not an extremely intelligent question," he barked. "I don't travel on the tube. For security reasons I cannot carry government red boxes on the tube." I wondered if he might not leave his red box behind, as a private person.

"I am a government minister. Government ministers aren't private persons."

The minister was on the southern end of the Northern Line for a public relations jaunt; or as he put it, "to see for myself". London contains 20 marginal Conservative seats, and the commuter vote could be crucial at the next election. "It's very important to get out and talk to people who use the service," said Freeman. "After all, they're paying for it, as the tax payer. That's why I'm spending *four and a half hours* on the Northern Line this morning."

"This government has given us more money in real terms than any other government for decades"

— Denis Tunncliffe, managing director, London Underground

It cannot have been a cheering experience. A stream of people pushed forward to complain of broken escalators, dangerously overcrowded platforms, graffiti, packed carriages, misleading travel information, and how depressing they find stations decorated in mauve and orange with moisture trailing slug-paths down the walls.

But Freeman is in the Parkinson mould, and rarely departed from his well-polished script detailing the joys to come: of capital investment on modern signalling and replacements for the 30-year-old rolling stock—just as soon as the Central Line modernisation is "introduced and running".

Beside him, the managing director of London Underground Ltd, Denis Tunncliffe, also fielded questions. "You asked about cutbacks in public transport? I only know about the Underground. This government has given us more money in real terms than any other government for decades. The problem is how much and at what rate to make up for the enormous... I'm not blaming the GLC... but in the GLC peak period the system was sucked of investment."

But things were far better then, protested an elderly man.

"They may have been better for you," snapped Tunncliffe. "But they let the system go rotten and you're suffering from it today."

But this lot's been around for *ten years*, cried the man, pointing at Freeman.

"I'm not in the political business," parried Tunncliffe smoothly, playing the loyal second. "I'm telling you what's happened in the last *two* years. In the last two years, they've listened to us and they've given us the money."

They have had to. Back in 1982, numbers travelling on the tube were still falling. Since then the government has struggled to keep up with the largely unplanned results of its economic "miracle" in the south east and the explosion in numbers crowding into London. Early this year Cecil Parkinson finally dropped most of his new road plans and the government was left with no long-term policy whatever for the capital's transport. Even the CBI complained bitterly.

So the Underground, always a candidate for privatisation, suddenly found itself getting vastly more capital grant. But already there are signs that it will be nothing like enough. As expected, the only new tube line decided on so far—the Jubilee Line extension—jumped to the front of the queue because Docklands developers Olympia and York wanted it and are helping to pay for it. The fates of two massive proposals to ease conjection in the city centre, originally at the top of the list suggested by the Central London Rail Study—an east-west underground rail link between Paddington and Liverpool Street and a new north-south tube line linking Kings Cross and Victoria—are still undecided.

But these long-term plans do nothing to stem the anger of people experiencing the daily battle of getting into London. At Balham, the minister stopped to view a broken escalator.

"We're fobbed off," said a woman. "It's always, next month, next month. It's been over a year now."

"We really believe it," said Tunncliffe soothingly, "when we say that." Tom Cox, MP for Tooting, complained about the lack of information available to the public.

"Nowadays," said Tunncliffe, "the commuter is as well informed as I am."

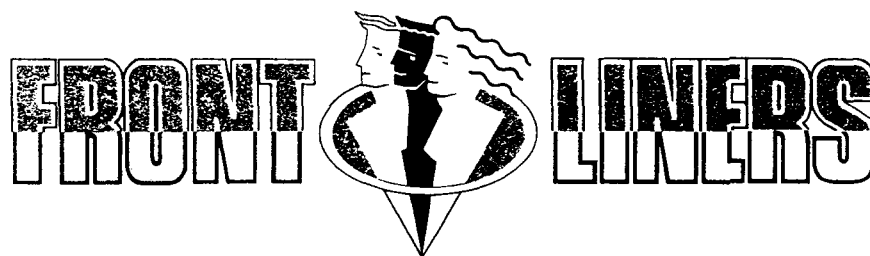
"Are you enjoying the trip so far?" I asked Mr Freeman.

"On this line," he recited, oblivious to the question, "the rolling stock is 30 years old. There is clearly congestion at peak hours. The escalators have got to be checked..."

The government is giving less and less subsidy to public transport and the Underground is no exception. Revenue support for LRT as a whole dropped from £175 million in 1983 to £21 million in 1988/89. At the same time London Underground raised fares and cut costs in accord with government policy. If London Underground has to act to control passenger numbers, fares may go up again.

Freeman ended his tour at the Northern Line control centre at Euston, well-known to travellers as the source of a stream of inaudible or hilarious messages about missing (or possibly stolen) trains.

Who better knows the needs of someone living
with AIDS than someone living with AIDS



The self help group for ALL people living with
AIDS or ARC

(HeadOffice):

THE FRONTLINERS CENTRE
55 FARRINGDON ROAD
LONDON
EC1M 3JB

Telephone : 071 430 1199
Answerphone : 071 404 4324
Minicom : 071 404 4324
Facsimile : 071 404 5609

(Scottish Division):

37-39 MONTROSE TERRACE
EDINBURGH
EH7 5DG
Tel: 031 652 0754

POSITIVELY WOMEN

**AN organisation for women with HIV infection,
AIDS or any of the associated conditions**

Positively Women was founded in 1987 in response to the lack of recognition and support available around the issues women encounter in relation to HIV infection. We provide practical and emotional support to women living with HIV/ARC/AIDS and information on a wide range of issues and concerns to women including safer sex and healthy living, reproductive rights, child care and drug use.

WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING SERVICES:-

- Weekly support group
Thursday from 6.30 pm to 8.30 pm
at 333 Grays Inn Road
(Close to Kings Cross Station)
These meetings are "closed session" i.e. only open to women with HIV, ARC or AIDS
- One to one counselling and telephone counselling
(by women who are HIV positive, have ARC or AIDS)
- Advice and information
(series of leaflets, "Women and AIDS", available on request)
- Public Speaking on the personal aspects of living with HIV infection, ARC or AIDS

Further information available from:

**POSITIVELY WOMEN,
333 GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON WC1X 8PX
TEL: (071) 837 9705.**

FABIAN

SOCIETY

BETTER QUALITY POLICIES?

**LABOUR AND THE
ENVIRONMENT.**

a one-day conference

9.30 am – 5.00 pm

Saturday 14 July 1990

Central Hall Westminster

**BRYAN GOULD MP, CHRIS SMITH
MP, JACK DROMEY, GLENDA
JACKSON, RHODRI MORGAN MP,
ANN CLWYD MP, JOHN ADAMS,
JOAN RUDDOCK MP, STEWART
BOYLE, ANITA POLLACK MEP, TOM
BURKE, MIKE MALINA, GAVYN
SMITH, EDWARD GOLDSMITH,
NICK ROBINS, GEORGE
PRITCHARD, VICTOR ANDERSON.**

TO BOOK

Tickets are priced
£7 (Fabian members);
£8 (non-members);

*£5 (concessions). Send cheques made payable to
Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1H 9BN.*

*To book by credit card ring 071-222 8877
during office hours.*

Dangerous liaisons

Why is it sexy to take risks with Aids? In part 2 of our special series, five people tell us why they don't have safe sex

The key to closing down Aids lies in how much we can learn about our most secret lives—our sex lives. Yet the results of the national survey of sexual behaviour, on which the government's anti-Aids strategy will be based, won't be available until at least 1992. By then, the behaviour of heterosexuals may have sown the seeds of a new "straight" Aids epidemic.

This week, five people explain why they knowingly take risks with Aids—and demonstrated how hard it is to "negotiate" safe sex. And we ask what role society can play in preventing a new epidemic.



Over the past year I have met about 20 different girls... none have insisted that I wear a condom

The Commodity Broker

Luke is 29. He is a commodity broker in the City and earns over £200,000 a year. He is a calm and reflective man and talks very precisely about his life and feelings. Two years ago a long-standing relationship broke down.

I have been a bachelor ever since, travelling quite a bit. I work very long hours, normally until 8.30pm, and in my work there is a lot of tension and stress and emotion. Because of the stresses of work, I like my relationships to be as easy as possible. Emotionally, it is very difficult to carry on a strong relationship with a fixed partner because I don't have the time to deal with all the consequences of that. So I have many relationships.

In the first place I was very concerned about contracting HIV. I went out with some girls I knew, who were kind of friends, and eventually I was having sexual relationships without any protection. One day I met a girl who said, "Do

you know if you have Aids or not?" I said I don't think so. She said, "How do you know?" and she sent me to a doctor. He tested me and I was all right. He was a specialist in this kind of disease and he explained that the main risk is with homosexuals or prostitutes. I think purely from a statistical point of view this is possibly true, but you just need one unlucky occasion and you can contract Aids.

But in saying that, I must say that I take some risks. Although it doesn't follow any logic, I am still having sex with girls without protection. It's always with girls I have known for several months, it's very unusual for me to have sex with a person at the first meeting. And I always discuss Aids and other relationships before I have intercourse, I ask specific questions about those kind of things. You know, "Do you think you have Aids, if you don't, how do you know that precisely?" The funny thing is that though I am always very honest and say that I go out with several other girls and have sex with them, and we talk very seriously about safe sex and using condoms, no bullshit—you know, we are going to do this thing seriously—the relationship kind of evolves and when it comes down to it, I have never had a girl ask me to wear a condom. Over the past year I have probably met about 20 different girls, and the girls I go out with are perhaps university graduates, you know, they have very responsible jobs, but none have insisted I wear a condom. *So in effect you have a very serious discussion and then you both act entirely differently?*

Well, we have a serious discussion about it and we say that it could be dangerous, you have to be careful. We don't normally talk too specifically about what we have to do. We both realise that the decision is serious, but we don't say, "OK, we're going to do this, buy a condom." It's more, "OK, we have to be careful." But eventually, having met and talked as a couple, there is no more discussion.

Why do we take such risks? I don't know, it is very difficult for me to explain. Maybe it is in our minds, or at least in mine, and it must be somewhere very remote, that using condoms is not really natural. And also if you really think about it, it is really ridiculous. So you don't want to be bothered with that, it is not pretty, it is not practical, it is not poetic. Of course, it can also save your life—but you are sure the person is OK, after all.

So in a sense you are judging each other on some notion of responsibility and respectability?

Well, for example I met a French girl and she said she hadn't had sex for quite a while. Maybe it was true, maybe it was not, for some reason I thought it was. Then I said, "What about me? I could have Aids, you know." And she said, "No, I know you haven't got Aids." I asked why, and she said, "Well, because you look fairly straight." I think that people for some reason seem to trust me. But they don't realise that by trusting me they have to trust all the partners I have been with, which is a different thing.

Do any of them ask you if you are bisexual?

No, nobody asks me that.

Or if you take drugs?

No, but I think anyone who knows me would know that I am neither of the two.

But they have only known you for weeks in some cases.

Yes, that is true. There is no doubt that there is some discrepancy in people's lives, perhaps they don't want to see some things. They may be very mature and very adult in their business life, and in taking these big risks there, but they change in their social life, they become immature, and I include myself.

Have you yourself ever decided that you don't quite trust a woman you've met?

Yes, definitely. There are a couple of girls that I didn't trust, I couldn't tell you exactly why. I just decided to stop the relationship. And perhaps in 25 per cent of the cases where I go to bed with a girl, I stop before penetration.

What about anal intercourse, does that come in to it at all?

Yes, whenever it gets to anal intercourse I tend to pick the girls that somehow I trust more than the others.

And what about your partners, are they more careful with that?

That's the odd thing. When it gets down to being in bed with somebody, the whole thing is somehow not there for them anymore. That kind of thought is outside the bedroom somehow.

Obviously, the women take a greater risk than you, as penetrative sex is much more dangerous for them than for you. Would you behave the same way if you felt you were running an equal risk?

I always thought I was running an equal risk. And when it comes to oral sex, when it is the man using his mouth, that is one of the great risks for the man. It is not that I have oral sex with any girl I go with, but on some occasions I have and in that particular instance I take an equal risk. I have a hard time to really pinpoint why I am taking this risk. If you think about it, it is ridiculous and I have a hard time to find out why you take risks. And I have been telling myself a hundred times never again, you know, this is crazy...

Do you think the risk in any sense actually makes things more exciting?

That is an interesting question, I guess I would say no, because if I thought about it during intercourse it would make me less excited. The idea that I could be contracting HIV is not the kind of thought I like to have when I am in bed with someone.

Is it your impression generally that the risk of infection has not really affected most people's behaviour very much?

In my experience, exactly. I've met girls who talk very straight about it, so you know where you are, and then you go to bed with them and they haven't got a condom. Once you get into a very physical relationship it is all over. That happens so many times. I even had a girl-friend who was a model in New York and her best friend died of Aids and she is still suffering from that emotionally because he was a very close friend. You would think that she would be more cautious than anybody else and that is the way she talked. I said I don't like condoms, and she said, "Don't worry, with me there is no way you won't use them, it's crazy not to." But we met several times, and then began a physical relationship without penetration and eventually a week later we had penetration with no protection and I thought about it only later on.

But didn't you think that she might be dangerous for you?

Oh yes. I only trusted her because she was so assertive and so strict about it that I thought it was impossible she would ever take the risk. Afterwards, I thought I don't know about her anymore, I got very nervous and I went and had a check. That was pushing my luck a bit too far. I did realise that somehow I would have to calm down, because if you push your luck too far one day you might get HIV, there is no question about it.



John Morris

The Lawyer's Tale

Joan is 35. She is a solicitor who concentrates on legal aid work, mostly in family law. She has been living with a regular partner for seven years and they have bought a flat in south London together.

I have a full sex life with my partner, I mean, we have probably done most things people do together. I am on the pill so he never has to use a condom. We have never discussed the question of safe sex together and I don't think that we ever would, I don't think that we have to.

Do you know that some people say that even people in stable relationships should discuss and practise safe sex, simply because surveys of sexual behaviour suggest that no one can actually trust their partner not to sleep with someone else.

Some people say that, do they? I can't agree with that. You have to trust somebody and surely you've got to trust the person you live with. I trust my partner completely. I am sure that he has never been out with any other woman. I know him very well and I know he thinks the world of me and I know he wouldn't—it sounds awful, but I do know him, I am 100 per cent sure of him.

Is he 100 per cent sure of you?

No. He knows that I had an affair very early on in our relationship. In fact, I knew the man—a colleague—before I moved in with Michael and we have been close friends for years. One night when I'd been with him Michael asked me if I was having an affair and I said, yes, and he was so upset that I broke the thing with Peter off. But we have remained friends since and there have been periods of time, maybe a year has gone past, when we haven't been out and haven't slept together, but then we get back together again. Over the last year or so we were seeing each other, say every two months. Peter has got his own house and he is single. He has had a long-term relationship with a woman which was supposed to be over, but then she found out she was pregnant so she has actually moved in with him now, about a month ago. Since then I haven't seen him.

So Peter was having sex with at least one other person while you were having an affair with him. Did you practise safe sex?

No.

Did you think that you might be running a risk?

No, because the way I think about it—and probably will continue to think about it—is that the people I choose to have a sexual relationship with, who now are very few and far between anyway, are people I have known for years, I know a lot about them, and they are responsible people, they don't sleep around, they have probably only had one

I simply don't worry about Aids because I know he is responsible

partner for the last three or four years and I suppose that that is what makes me feel safe.

How much do you know about Peter's other lover? Do you think she may have had other lovers too?

From what he has told me, yes, I do know about her. I don't think she would have had other partners while she was seeing him—not from the way he talked about her, and what he said. I mean, it is conceivable, but she was so keen on Peter, and wanted to get married, I don't think she's the sort. *You talked about the people you have had affairs with. Has Peter been your only lover over the last few years?*

There's only been one other, and that was just a one-off with my partner's best friend a few months ago. It was nothing spectacular and it was a great mistake. It took place in the afternoon and didn't last very long, and that was it. It wasn't "safe sex", he didn't use a condom. But again, and I'm sorry if this sounds boring, I have known him for about eight years and he's been married for five of those years, and I am sure that he doesn't have other partners, except possibly a one-night stand when he's away, but I doubt that too. I mean, we have been friends for a long time and he is the sort of person who talks about it and I am very easy to talk to about it. I think I would know. So I simply didn't worry about Aids because I know he is a responsible person.

But he has just done so with you.

Well, he knows that I have only got one partner and that I have been very good for the last so many years. And I know all about his habits with his wife. I can tell you, if I fancied somebody and was going to have perhaps a one-night stand, there is no way I would sleep with that person if I didn't know them. If I had only met them that very day at a conference or something, there is no way I would sleep with them without protection, without using a condom.



The Doctor's Tale

Jon is a hospital doctor in Birmingham. He is 45 and has been married for 23 years. He and his wife have two teenage children. He has a strong outgoing character and has always had affairs with other women.

I am in a rather complicated situation at the moment. I am going out with three women, but one of them who is married has got very, very keen and now she wants to ditch her marriage. I have been trying to drift away slightly and I haven't seen her for three weeks. I was seeing her once every week and we were speaking on the telephone four or five times a day and she was writing letters and poems.

Then there are one or two other little forays. I met a very attractive doctor, quite small, about 35, at a conference in

London recently. We went back to her flat and drank some champagne and she said, "Would you carry me into the bedroom?" I do still see her when I am in London, but she's rather neurotic. There is another one which is not so complicated in one of the provincial towns which I have to visit quite often. So when I go there that is quite a nice interlude. I would say that none of them are risky from the point of view of HIV infection.

How many women have you slept with in the past five years?

Maybe 30, yes around 30. I don't like using condoms, but I do if they ask me to. The doctor insists that I wear a condom, she always does. And the one in the provinces normally says I have to wear one, she thinks of some trumped-up reason, you know, she has got her period or something, but really it is because she is frightened of Aids. Anyway, I do. But I never use a condom with the married woman that I have been seeing quite a lot. And not many people ask for it and I don't like it, I think condoms really do affect it.

But you don't think your own safety depends on it?

I still am very arrogant, I still think the risks are at the moment extremely small, you would have to be extremely unfortunate. Most of the heterosexual Aids sufferers have contracted it through drug users or homosexuals. There are very few cases of Aids being passed on by straight sex. Of course, in three or four years time the risks will increase. But here at the moment the risk is very, very slight. I'm far more likely to get gonorrhoea or syphilis, or be run over or be killed in a car crash.

But if you get Aids it doesn't just affect you, it affects all of your partners, your wife, their families and in a way your own children. Do you worry about affecting them?

Well that would be terrible, it would be an awful thing, If you start thinking about it, it would be an absolutely awful thing to have to inflict on a family. But talk to any doctor. Most doctors are basically saying there was a justifiable kind of hysteria a few years ago, but I don't think any of us now believe—apart from a small number—that Aids is going to be anything like the scourge that people thought before.

Basically, you've got to realise there are two factors here. One, it was in the interests of the government to create a slight panic about it to try and get people to change their sexual habits. Two, some of it was generated by the gay community who didn't want to be scapegoated and wanted the whole thing to be generalised. What developed in the medical world was a small group of doctors who very cynically—this is probably not a very nice thing to say, because a lot of them I know and some of them are very decent and honourable people—but it is in their interest to try and maintain a kind of Aids culture for their careers.

But at a personal level, if you consider your partner in the provincial town, she has presumably some inkling of your behaviour and she's right to be worried...

I don't know that I have been quite so, she knows my track record very well. I think among working people, perhaps among those who don't feel they have so much to lose, that their behaviour hasn't changed as much as middle-class behaviour which hasn't probably changed an awful lot either.

Your married partner, is she too a doctor, and does she know that you have other partners?

Yes, and she knows more than the others about me.

Doesn't it alarm her?

Do you know any straight person with Aids?

Yes, because we interviewed someone who became infected with HIV without knowing it from one random sexual encounter and she had at least one lover before she found out. Possibly you could meet someone like her who didn't know and then you could have problems.

Was she working-class?

Actually she is a middle-class person. Do you think that you're safe with middle-class people, then?

At the moment, I just think there are an awful lot of things to be frightened of which are far worse.

*I'm far
more
likely to
get
gonorrhoea
or
syphilis,
or to be
run over*



The Film Editor's Tale

Maria is 26. She is a film editor with a small independent company. She has a strong presence, dresses fashionably and smokes incessantly. She hasn't a regular partner.

I suppose I have had six, no, seven...partners since 1986 when the main Aids scare began. I always mean to have safe sex and I always talk to them about it, but I don't actually practise it. I knew five of them quite well because we were friends, but I knew very little about the other two: one of them nothing. Talking about it means what exactly? It means saying to them, "Are you prepared to use a condom?" It doesn't mean more than that because nobody can know if they have been safe in their history. So all you can say is, "Shall we be safe?" And also it obviously occurs to me, because I have slept with quite a lot of men, maybe I am putting them at risk as well. I have never had a test, partly I am sure, through fear.

Why do you think you might be HIV positive?

Because I had a boyfriend, Mark, for a long time, who used to shoot speed with people in 1982 and 1983—a long time ago, and I had a scare when a friend of his called David became very ill. That came to nothing, but that really frightened me. I am aware that Aids is not killing people like flies, but I also know that HIV infection is actually present in every part of the community. And I think I am not infallible.

Do the other people you have slept with have links with risk groups? What about bisexuals?

Well, Mark slept with guys, but apart from that no...just once I had a drunken screw or whatever you like to call it with a man who I know sleeps around a lot and I really regretted doing it. And I regretted doing it—never mind that this is about Aids—because I didn't really want to do it anyway.

Then you see the whole trouble about the HIV story is that it plays into the hands of the normal sexual fears that we have, particularly women have, about sleeping around. It's like it is wrong to sleep around and now it is doubly wrong to sleep around. And therefore it has become a moral issue. And I try to separate these two issues in my mind, and not use the whole HIV fear to actually castigate myself for doing something which I might well have done anyway, or perhaps don't want to do anyway, but for completely different reasons. It is like fudging the issue—or rather what is the issue? Am I worried about sleeping around? Am I worried about catching Aids? Am I worried purely about having loveless relationships? Is it actually a more spiritual thing than a physical fear or social/moral fear?

And I think that has a lot to do with the way Aids has been talked about. All those coffins and tombs and tombstones

and grey imagery and just trying to instil fear into people, rather than just give them straight information.

Are you on the pill?

No. I refuse to take it. I feel I can ask men to wear a condom and I always say it, every single time I've said it, but I haven't always gone ahead and used it because the guys just object, really strongly. Or they'll use it once and then they'll say, "Oh please, please, please let's not use it again, I can't bear them", and it is this male thing about not wanting to have their pleasure diminished in any way because they don't like using the bastards. I understand that...

Having said that, I did have a relationship with one man and we used condoms, we talked about it and I had a wonderful time with him. It didn't affect our relationship at all. In fact it was one of the best times I have had sexually with anyone and yet we used condoms all the time. That throws up another issue. Should I be sleeping with someone who won't use condoms at all—regardless of Aids, VD, pregnancy whatever—because basically such guys are shits.

What about the other men you have known. Are you worried about any of them?

Matt was a bit of a naughty boy. I knew that. I knew that from what he told me. And earlier on this year I had this two-month affair with this guy called Alan, who is from LA—oh my God!—who is a naughty boy and we used condoms, not all the time, no, most of the time, except for once, and I was very angry with him, because I had been quite insistent with him about it.

Why? Because he was from Los Angeles?

Because he is a naughty boy. He didn't tell me that much, but I can tell, I can just tell. He is one of these guys who says, "Hey, you're so cute" and you think, "Shit, I'm sure he does this 15 times a day." So there was one occasion when he failed to use a condom and he didn't fail to come. But my immediate concern with that incident was pregnancy. And then there was an eighth. So I tell a lie, I'd forgotten about this one. I went abroad to a film festival recently. Well, I met this guy there. We met the first night I was there and we had this affair that lasted the whole time I was there. It was completely wonderful. He is from the Middle East and we used condoms, except for the last time. But we didn't sort of finish having sex, so we stopped, but obviously we still put ourselves at risk.

That in itself is very revealing, because when you are happy with somebody you think, "I really want to be with this person" and the worry about picking up something from them is not so strong. If I was totally and madly in love with somebody, and I really wanted to spend my life with them, and I suspected that we might be putting each other at risk, I think I'd carry on. If I do meet a man that has that effect on me, then fuck it, it is so rare....

No disease or illness is that simple. I could stop smoking, it would be a very good idea if I stopped smoking, it would be a very good idea if I went to bed earlier, if I drank more water, if I didn't get pissed and you could go on and on. What worries me in a sense is that I know I am not in charge of it. Honestly.

Because my attitude towards it is one of defiance, rather than acceptance. And I am not going to allow any of this to upset me because I know my worth and I know I shall be here as long as I am supposed to be here. My attitude is more "Fuck, fuck, fuck you. Fuck this disease and I am just going to get on and I am going to do what I want to do." And that is childish. It is a sort of, "I am not going to do my share of the washing-up because my Mum shouted at me" type attitude, but that is born out of fear, a child-like fear, because it is through fucking ignorance. If you don't understand something, you react in a defiant way. If someone presents you with the facts you reason better.

These interviews were conducted by Stuart Weir and Claire Sanders in London and Birmingham

Because I have slept with quite a lot of men, maybe I am putting them at risk

Bed etiquette

Ceri Hutton works in the "Aids field" and still finds safer sex hard to negotiate. Below, we sum up the dilemmas

I was at a seminar about safer sex a few months ago. It was women only, and a lot of the discussion was about how to get what we want, how to get men to wear condoms. We talked about the language we should use, and vigorously upheld a woman's right to say "No".

It all made me feel very uneasy. At the end of the session, a woman who'd been working in HIV and Aids for several years, drew me on one side. "Oh God," she said, "all I know is, when the Aids coordinator and I bonked not so long ago, we didn't use a condom."

It's been bothering me ever since. Perhaps I should declare myself. I am in my late 20s, white, female, single, and I have been working in the "Aids field" for nearly two years. I know the risks.

So what happens with me? I waltzed into the era of HIV and Aids with a long-standing partner, and having split up with him, I found myself in an uncharted territory where the key is apparently negotiation. I don't know about you, but negotiation does not make me think of sex. It makes me think of Margaret Thatcher, sitting round a table and talking about Europe. She knows what she wants.

But in the dim, warm light of night, boundaries blur. What you want is no longer clear. If I am interested in the person, or even in love (whatever that means) with him, then "negotiation" will be set up in opposition, in my head, to "going with the flow". This thing we call "negotiation" is nothing like the political negotiation we witness. It is as infinitely complex and varied as the human beings undertaking it and, if you think about it, what are you going to compromise on? You can't have sort-of-safe sex, like using half a condom. That's non-negotiable.

Not so long ago I had dinner with someone I was interested in. When the crunchpoint arrived I had my little speech prepared. Well, to be frank, it wasn't so much a speech as something lifted straight from deed poll. Avoiding his gaze, I cleared my throat and said, "Um, have you ever injected drugs?" Confused look—you know I haven't. "Um, do you sleep around a lot? Sleep with other men?—lots of men do, you know, I just wondered because..." He ended up enumerating the girlfriends he had had over the past three years or so—most of whom I knew—and he then informed me that all of this just showed that I was unsure, and that I mustn't feel under any obligation. So off he went, emanating gentle understanding, and that was that.

What is "safer sex"? It's no sex at all—which by anybody's standards is pretty damn safe—or it is penetrative sex with a condom, or it is non-penetrative sex.

In my experience, it's even more difficult talking about the non-penetrative options. Why? I think that at least part of the answer lies in the fact that, right from the first mention of sex at school, we make assumptions about what a sexual encounter between a man and a woman actually is. I am sure the picture is different in the gay community, where people have had to examine issues around sexuality more than I have ever had to do. I am also sure that some straight people are able to have relaxed and confident discussions about "The Spatula and Sex". But I can't, or at least not till I have known and trusted the other person for some time.

The final paradox of all this lies, for me, in contraception.

For my generation, contraception has meant that sex could be "negotiated" on an equal basis. I and my friends knew, of course, that an ideal relationship would involve the sensitive discussion of the *right* kind of contraception between the two partners, but very often it was easier to go off and do something about it on our own.

But now, with HIV and Aids the whole thing's changed. It is no longer a question of doing, it is a question of getting someone else to do.

A very sobering thought occurred to me over the weekend. I can honestly swear that I have only ever twice in my life had sex which could lead to pregnancy, and then I did something about it the next day. Over the last year, I have had at least twice as many unsafe sexual encounters with men. So I have problems and for the moment at least I have no solutions.

Too good to be true

Safe sex has proved too good to be true. Three years ago some feminists believed that a more sensual and pleasurable sexual conduct might be born under the hideous shadow of Aids—because safe sex might encourage people to talk about what pleased them and widen the range of sexual practice. But the Old Adam has survived. Our own interviews confirm and illuminate the small-scale surveys which all show that straight people have scarcely changed their sexual behaviour at all.

It is now popularly believed that the government exaggerated the risks; and that the risks people run with "people like them" are minimal. Penetrative sex remains the norm. Men who have grown accustomed to women taking charge of contraception won't wear condoms to make sex truly safe. Women feel they can't negotiate or demand it; and often don't want to "spoil" the sex act themselves.

The government's warning campaign stirs unlooked-for passions and feelings. The beautiful model who stares at men from the pages of their newspaper is a tantalisingly dangerous tease: I dare you, she says. The admonitory, bullying tone of other ads makes the safe sex message yet another, more menacing, piece of unwanted moralism.

Which raises the question of arousal. Sexual passion gorges on attempts to control it. Ideas of "negotiating" or "being safe" seem like sensible passion-killers, and it's hard to imagine a discussion of safe sex in popular representations of sexual passion like, for example, Jilly Cooper novels. What would her heroine of 12 years ago who casually ruminated, "I thought of all the women he must have laid on that bed before me . . .", think now?

Perhaps the national survey of sexual behaviour will provoke the debate we urgently need—a debate which will open up the secret worlds of sexuality. For it is within society, within ourselves, that the key to containing Aids lies. That means recognising what sex means to us as metaphor as well as in reality. David Lean's *Brief Encounters* is a parable of passion repressed by respectability; the final goodbye represents a quelling of the spirit. When we talk of safe sex, we have to avoid this sense of loss.

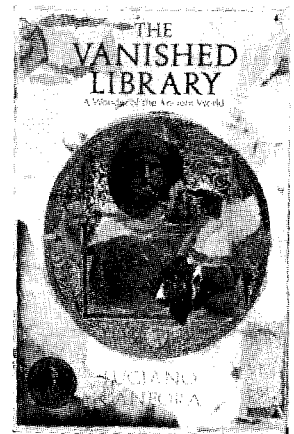
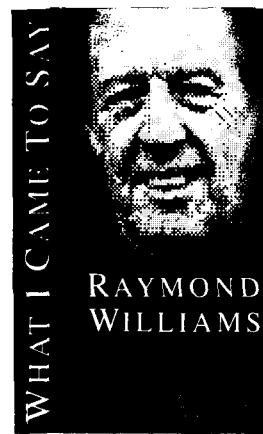
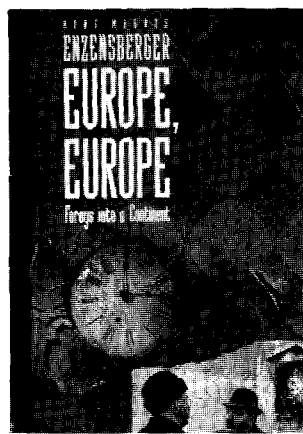
**SUBSCRIBE NOW AND
RECEIVE UP TO EIGHT
BOOKS ABSOLUTELY FREE**

Wonderful Life

The Burgess
Shale and the
Nature of
History



Stephen Jay Gould



- SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THIS UNIQUE OFFER**

Send to: *New Statesman & Society* Subscriptions,
FREEPOST, London E2 8BR (no stamp in the UK).



LETTERS

Uniting the opposition

Patrick Dunleavy ("Can Labour squeeze the centre?", 15 June) goes back to 1919 to show how dangerous the present position of the Labour Party is. Yet the last three elections have shown a clear trend.

In every election since 1979 the Tories have lost support—about 44 per cent in 1979, to only 41 per cent in 1987. The question we might have to ask is—just how long the Tories could go on losing support yet staying in power? Could they get in with 39 per cent of the vote, or 37 per cent, or even 30 per cent?

The other factor which has kept the Tories in office has been an opposition split between ideology and opportunism. To say that this could be remedied by the Labour Party concentrating on the procedural issue of constitutional reform is to hope for too much from centre voters on this rather abstract notion. Surely the party must look to substantive issues to recruit for the "crusade" that will unify anti-Tory opposition forces.

There is no shortage of such issues. Housing, newspeak for homelessness, and the "Peace Dividend" still waiting to be declared to shareholders in UK plc, are both simple almost non-political issues. Transport is an area where it matters not what policy an alternative government offers, as long as they have one! The NHS must be safe in the hands of almost anyone but the Tories. Never mind about constitutional reform, a Labour Party with clear policies in these areas could hardly fail to get elected, even if the Tories do manage to hang on to 40 per cent of the vote.

Derek Munton
Sundridge Hill
Cuxton
Kent

A little help from your friends

Sean French raises the interesting problem of what to do when you know that a friend's partner is being unfaithful (Diary, 22 June). He rightly says that "whatever you do, the results will be bad." That's precisely why the friend's best move is to do nothing.

This possibly leaves him with some unease in both friends' company. But at least it upholds the healthy principle that the course and



resolution of problems in a relationship are best handled within that relationship—apart, of course, from detached, professional help if they want it. Even the knowledge of something amiss needs to come, if it comes at all, from communication—or the lack of it—with each other, not from a third person.

In any case, my experience tells me that a betrayed spouse finds it more humiliating to be told by a friend (who, incidentally, is likely to be an ex-friend after hearing the bad news) than to discover for herself either the facts themselves or that she's been in ignorance of them. And one would hope that, once the cat's out of the bag, friends would have the tact not to let on that they knew all along.

"Aunty" Angela Willans
Oxon

Thorough-going reform

Helena Catt is to be congratulated on the lucid and readable guide to electoral reform ("The Intelligent Person's Guide to Electoral Reform", *NSS* 15 June). But the methods of voting still remain to some extent undemocratic while they can be exercised only every four or five years, at a time to suit the party in power and subject to prior financial and other "fixing"; for most of the time the voters remain disenfranchised and unable to take any effective action to record their views of government action.

If elections were made progressive by an annual election in

one fifth of the seats, selected on a representative basis (North and South, urban and rural etc.), the electorate would have the chance (as they have at present only in opinion polls) of expressing their approval or otherwise, at the time, of government and if necessary adjusting the balance of parliamentary representation. This would also preclude the present absurdities—avoidance of controversial action for a year or so before an election, Budget give-aways to soften the climate—and would put a valuable curb on too lavish pre-electoral promises, which would be called in for fulfilment. A fixed five-year tenure for those elected would also counter to some extent the threats of party Whips. If we are to have constitutional reform, can we not be thorough-going?

Colin Ray
Bont Dolgadfan
Llanbrynmair
Powys

Lessons in democracy

Clare Short writes that without a major reform of the British judiciary, the incorporation of the European Convention will "simply entrench reactionary establishment power".

She is not completely right. If she was, it would have been incorporated long ago. Not by us, but by the very same establishment she complains of, which is hardly coy when it comes to increasing its power.

For example, Charter 88 is holding a teachers' vigil this Saturday in part because "citizenship" will have to be taught under the new national curriculum. But how are teachers supposed to do this if their pupils are to remain "subjects"? Alongside the large questions of democracy are the basic ones such as being taught at all.

In February the High Court ruled that Tower Hamlets is not obliged to provide teaching for 400 Bangladeshi children if it does not have the means to do so. The European Convention, however, states: "No person shall be denied the right to education". If it were incorporated into British law, Tower Hamlets could not refuse education to children. Furthermore, if starved of funds, the council could sue the government to ensure that children's constitutional rights are fulfilled.

But nor is Clare completely wrong. A British court might still find against the children, just like the

High Court now, although this is unlikely given the unambiguous nature of the Convention's relevant clause.

This is what Charter 88 argues. It states specifically that writing things down will not solve problems, only "people themselves can ensure freedom, democracy and equality before the law". But such demands—including the Charter's demand for a reformed judiciary—can be much better made, and are much more likely to be achieved, *once* we have our rights enshrined.

It is for this reason that the judiciary and the establishment judge it in their interests to keep our constitution unwritten. To argue, as Clare does, that we must put off a bill of rights entirely until we have reformed the judiciary, is simply to put off both indefinitely.

Anthony Barnett
Charter 88
The "Teachers for Democracy" Vigil
will be from 2.30 to 4.00 pm on
Saturday 7 July on the steps of St
Martins in the Fields

Measuring performance

Apropos Ann McFerran's article ("Classic casting", 15 June) on black actors in "white" parts, I reviewed Nicholas Hytner's RSC *Measure for Measure* with Josette Simon as Isabella. The problem with the production, in my inevitably and surely properly subjective artistic assessment, was not that the actress was black but that had a white actress essayed the part so inadequately she would hardly have landed the role. As a white critic, it just wasn't—and surely isn't—on to discuss the performance in the terms it deserved to be discussed.

Giles Gordon
St Ann's Gardens
London NW5

Jad Adams

Perhaps "viewers were not told that... (Jad Adams)... was part of the Meditel team" when I was interviewed by Meditel Productions for their challenging documentary *The Aids Catch* because it is not true ("Science and nonsense", 29 June).

I am a current affairs journalist and have been freelance since 1978. I have specialised in medical and

scientific television programmes and as such have often worked with Meditel which is a leading company in this field, though the last time I did so was in 1988.

I was interviewed, as the programme clearly indicated, as the author of *Aids: The HIV Myth*.

Perhaps your error came about because of a programme I produced and directed for Meditel and Channel 4 in 1987, *Aids: The Unheard Voices*.

Jad Adams
London Road
London SE23

Duncan Campbell replies: In the foreword to his book *Aids: The HIV Myth*, Jad Adams thanks Meditel Productions "who made facilities available to me to work on this book". Viewers of *The Aids Catch* were not told this, nor that the book was based almost entirely on Meditel's first programme to claim that HIV did not cause Aids, nor that the programme's Executive Producer was Adams himself. In the same foreword, Adams also states that the reporter who interviewed him for *The Aids Catch*, Michael Verney-Elliott, was the person who gave him his ideas and information in the first place, and "sowed the seeds of my work on Aids". Viewers of *The Aids Catch* were not put in the picture about this intricate interconnectivity.

THIS ENGLAND

55 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please)

● Royal watcher Harold Brooks-Baker, from the aristocrat's bible Burke's Peerage, explains: "William's very extravagant toys, like his sports car, will have been presents from other people, not his parents. They don't want him to be isolated from other children, as Charles was, and they certainly don't want him to be spoiled."

"A pony, for example, is a perfectly ordinary thing for an upper middle class child to have, and it's unthinkable that a future king shouldn't be able to ride"—*Woman* (Amanda Welles)

● A modern sculpture worth £35,000 vanished from outside an east London factory yesterday. Police say "Linear Structure" by William Tucker may not have been stolen but dumped by an employee who did not realise the steel-joint triangle was a work of art.—*Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

FRINGE BENEFITS

On the rocks

Colin Ward



For one reason or another, I've found myself in Brighton twice a decade all my life. And every time I've discovered a different town. My first Brighton was the same shingle-beach, candy-floss winkle-stall image as every other child's. Then under the influence of Graham Greene I saw it as a seedy and sinister place with a strong undertow of violence and villainy.

Slowly I began to piece together a more realistic picture and to see that the seasonal nature of any resort town resulted in a stratum of poverty seldom acknowledged among local authorities dominated by the catering and hotel trades. I learned that even in the pre-war days of the seaside boom, and of the huge influx of spenders in excursion trains and coaches every bank holiday weekend, Brighton was a place of high unemployment (interestingly, the percentages were much the same in 1921, 1931 and 1981), extortionate slum landlords and very low wages.

In the climate of rising expectations, by the late 1950s Brighton's seediness was static. I remember staying in a cheap lodging there and picking up from the bedclothes that embarrassing infestation *pediculosis crucis*. The holiday business was beginning its long downward spiral.

But strangely, or so it seemed to me, by the 1970s Brighton was looking up. I attributed this to the influx of income brought by the higher education industry and to the fact that well-off people as well as frugal spenders were making Brighton their retirement home. I also felt that there must be a vast complex of service trades resulting from, and providing, purchasing power underneath the visible economy.

For one of the most enlightening conversations I ever had was with the anthropologist Lisa Peattie. She told me of the puzzlement she felt on first visiting a Latin American city. There seemed to be no economic base to sustain the exploding population, but no-one looked ill-nourished and everyone was shod. Slowly she realised that outside the statistics there was an unmeasured economy providing sustenance for the unofficial population.

I took her insight to Brighton with me and perceived the town as one of those teeming coastal cities where people made a living by taking in each other's washing. There was certainly the same juxtaposition of affluence and poverty. There was the same busy proliferation of small builders and, if not a skip in every

street, a Transit van full of second-hand timber and sanitary-ware. Not only in the Queens Park and Kemptown parts of East Brighton, but in all the streets between the Grand Parade and Queen's Road, there were multitudes of small shops buying, selling and servicing everything, in low-rent, run-down premises. You could furnish a house there in 20 minutes, with another ten for haggling and loading the van. Friends confirmed that

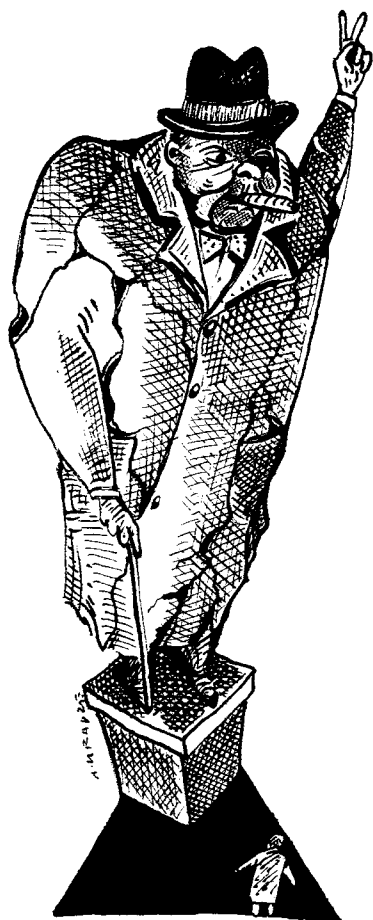
there was nowhere in Britain where repair jobs were easier, whether rehandling a saucepan or a suitcase, or getting a secondhand sound-system or Suzuki.

My new image of Brighton was completed five years ago when I bought a booklet, *Who Was Harry Cowley?* I'd actually heard Harry Cowley speaking, in his bowler hat, at the time of the Brighton Vigilantes just after the war. Their group located long-empty houses and installed homeless ex-service families. I remember the whispering campaign that he had fascist connections. I learned from the booklet that in fact he had a history of battles against Mosley's Brighton Blackshirts.

QueenSpark, a local history publishing project, uncovered his life-story because every autobiography they collected mentioned him. Cowley was in fact a local direct-action populist hero of the kind that guarantee the success of community action in every *barriada* or *favela* of the poor world. His mother was a half crown-a-day washerwoman and as a boy he would take a pillow-slip to the hotel kitchens to collect yesterday's bread for the family breakfast. Jobless when he came back from world war one, he organised the unemployed, running boxing matches in the Dome and concerts in the Grand Theatre to raise money.

I was back in Brighton last week and it wasn't exactly teeming. No-one was on the beach and I was the only diner in the cafe. The proprietor said that the holiday trade was deadlier than ever. The Building Societies Association conference was on at the Metropole, but "they're all on expenses and spend in the hotel, not the town." But why were so many humble shops closed too? "Look," he said, "if you're a French polisher or an upholsterer, say, you need dirt cheap overheads. The Uniform Business Rate is going to kill me off, let alone them."

Brighton's invisible economy of getting by in the margins was the very model of Thatcherite virtue: pluckily self-reliant, and feeding the family. Too bad she's sunk it.



No one now believes in the Great Man version of history. But are we so sure that individuals make no difference?

R W Johnson moves from Gramsci to Orwell, and from his own life to a more public one to examine the responsibilities of the intellectual.

R W Johnson is the political columnist of NSS and the author of various books including "The Long March of the French Left". This essay is an extract from his forthcoming book, "Heroes and Villains" to be published in July by Harvester Wheatsheaf

Nothing but the truth

In the postwar England where I spent my early years, no one had much doubt that individuals counted in politics. The war had been started by Hitler who was directly responsible for the bomb sites which still littered the landscape. The Germans were a bad lot on their own, I learnt, but Hitler had made them even worse. Hitler was that truly satisfying creature to a child, a bogeyman, a mighty personification of pure evil. Luckily, we'd had Churchill.

Later, I learnt about the previous great bogeyman, Napoleon, and a whole string of characters who had led up to Churchill in

making England great. Mainly there were Nelson, Shakespeare and Drake, but Wolfe, Marlborough, Wordsworth and Wellington were, so to speak, mentioned in despatches. There was no doubt that they were Great Men of History, indeed History was basically the story of Great Men.

Later, I learned this was all wrong, not just because Great Men invariably had feet of clay but because they basically didn't count anyway. This was because individuals just weren't important in the way I'd been taught they were. What mattered were the large forces of history—wars, revolutions, famines, economic depressions and the like. Individuals became significant and men became great by happening to be in the right place at the right time for the tide of history to let them surf inevitably in. And they weren't really individually great because if they hadn't existed there would have been someone else much like them. Indeed, the whole category of "greatness", as also that of "heroes", was bogus.

The people who preached the "forces of history" side of things were often Marxists. They were rightly critical of "history from above", of history being reduced to a list of kings, queens and prime ministers. It wasn't just historical forces that were important, they said, but the masses too. One could not help but notice, though, that the same people were also wont to speak of the fundamental role of Lenin, Stalin, Mao, Castro and so on. When it came to certain key figures on the left, individuals did seem to count. Marx himself counted hugely, it was clear. And it was hard not to notice that the cult of personality was carried to its greatest extremes under regimes of the left—not just in straightforwardly communist states but in Nkrumah's Ghana, Nyerere's Tanzania and so on. A lot of those who claimed in theory not to believe in the significance of individuals in history seemed not to mean it in practice.

I have come to believe that individuals do matter, at least within certain limits. Clearly the impersonal forces of history are more powerful than any individual; and the Great-Men-of-History approach is wrong, just as all personality cults are dangerous; but none of that stops individuals from making a difference. If individuals usually don't make any difference, whence all the anguished debate over "commitment", about the importance of having to choose sides? Anyone who reads the passionate discussions of postwar French intellectuals about how one ought to be engaged will soon realise that the sort of politics they are talking about is a world away from the more workaday politics-as-a-profession that a Chicago congressman is involved in.

The literature of "commitment" is all about having to make extremely stark and risky moral choices, a view of life which came fairly naturally to those who had just lived through the Nazi occupation: the choice then had been about whether to join the Resistance and risk torture and death or to play safe and feel guilty. Happily, moral choices as tough as those have been fairly unusual in most western countries. But outside the west, politics has quite normally

involved extremely tough choices indeed—in large parts of both the communist and the third world the dissident has had to choose between real personal danger, exile or silence. It is worth remembering that the anguished western intellectual knows little of what "commitment" really means compared to a critic of the government in, say, China, Ethiopia or Turkey.

So why have western—rather than eastern or third world—intellectuals produced a literature about "commitment"? It is not the whole answer, but one is bound to say that there is something very satisfying about politics viewed as a stark moral choice. This sort of choice is both so clarifying and so dramatic that there is a strong temptation, when once you've had to view politics in that way, to keep on doing so. The fact is that there are certain pleasures in the opportunity for melodrama and self-dramatisation which politics-as-moral-choice affords, and once tasted these are not easily given up. And since moral choices are normally made by individuals—some would say, can only be made by individuals—this sort of politics puts the individual right at the centre of the frame.

Growing up in South Africa, this was also how I first learned to think about politics. Just being white made one feel guilty and compromised and there was thus a lot of anguished discussion among people like myself about what to "do", it being understood that draconian laws and a ruthless police force made doing anything at all pretty risky. Later on, in England, one would meet up again with some of one's old South

The western intellectual knows little of what "commitment" means compared to a dissident in, say, China

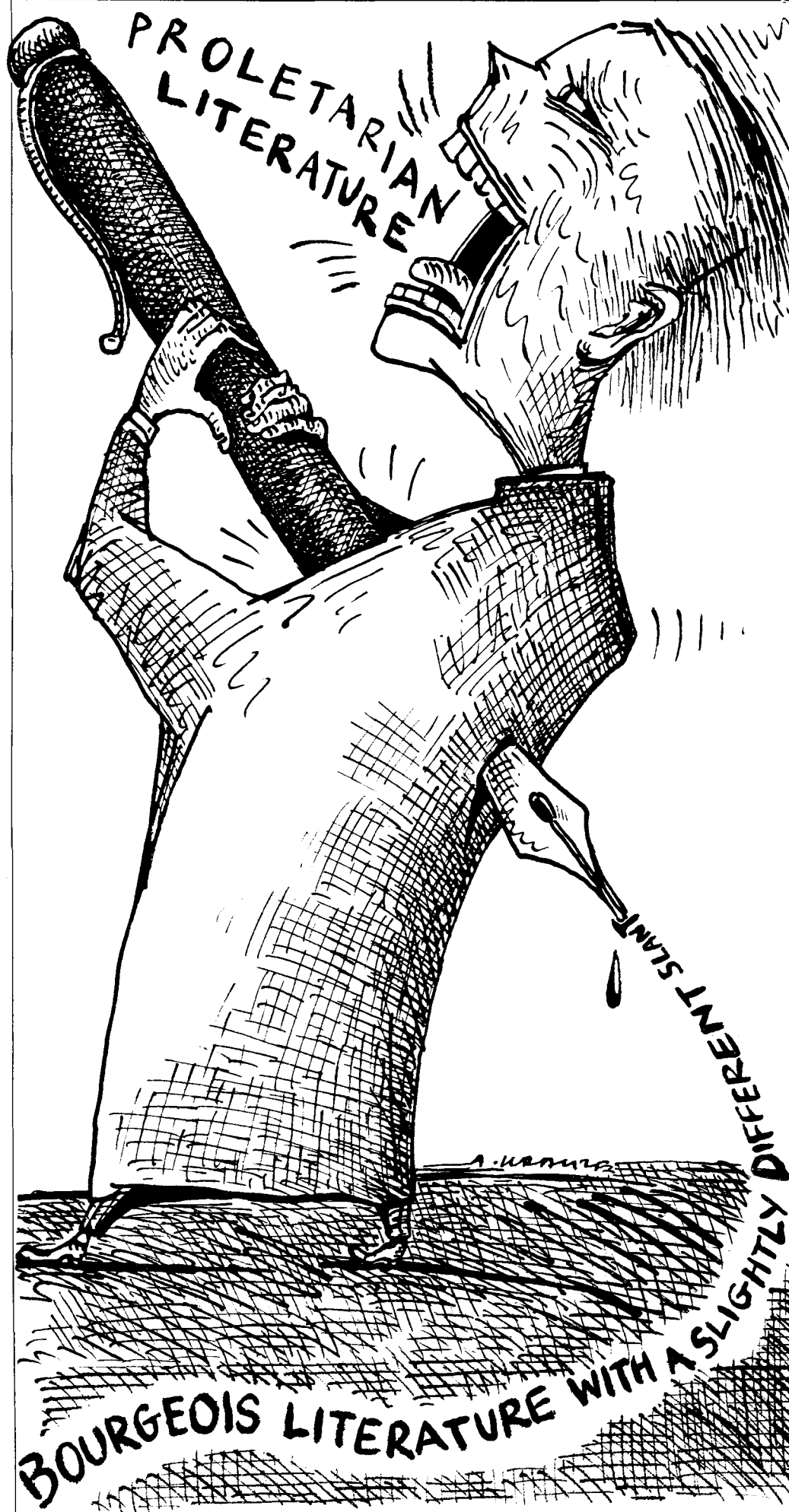
African acquaintances. They would profess a complete incomprehension of how British politics worked: all these passionate arguments about interest rates, the trade deficit, the management of nationalised industries and so forth. How could you argue about things like that, let alone feel passionate about them? There was, they felt, hardly a moral issue in sight.

Like me, they had been impelled into politics by an overwhelming sense of moral guilt and had used political action—in South Africa a high-adrenalin business—to assuage that guilt. Politics without that was like smoking without nicotine. Although they would have been amazed at the thought, the fact was that they were not really functioning politically at all. Their political antennae had been dulled by an endless diet of moral melodrama.

It was, though, not uncommon to find some of these friends virtually priding themselves on their incomprehension of workaday politics.



Andrei Krauze



But they were the poorer for it: an appreciation of how and why people behave politically, the deals and pay-offs, the webs of patronage, favours and the rest are essential to the understanding of any politics, even the sort which invariably dresses itself up in moral clothes.

When faced with a situation like that in South Africa there may not, though, be any satisfactory individual moral choice open to one. I found that out fairly definitively as a teenager, in the week after Sharpeville. Trudging home from school in Durban in the stifling, dusty heat I was hailed by a motorist who drew level with me and wanted to know the way to the nearest police station. The driver—a burly, middle-aged white man—gestured indignantly at the little Zulu *umfaan* crying his eyes out on the back seat of the car. He told me that he'd "found that little bastard reading an ANC leaflet", and wanted to turn him over to the police. The little boy—he must have been 12 at the most, I can see his face now—had clearly already been beaten and was doubtless aware that far worse was in store. I knew I couldn't be a party to helping that far worse thing happen and so gave the driver false directions. He thanked me and drove off with a cheerful wave, leaving me with a bad conscience over the incident which, nearly 30 years later, I've still got.

I hated the idea that the little Zulu boy had seen me as a willing accomplice to his fate. Of course, I'd like to think the driver lost his way and gave up looking for the police in the end. Probably he asked directions again and found the police quite easily. For all I know, my getting the driver lost merely enraged him and made things even worse for the boy.

In trying to come to terms with choices like that, I found two things to be useful. The first was the thought that while I could not escape responsibility for my own actions there was also the danger of my turning such an incident into something primarily about my feelings of guilt, my moral anguish, seeing it as my problem.

It was all really about the little Zulu boy, not about me, and it was wrong to make oneself too important. Compared to what that little boy had to endure, my anguished feelings were as nothing and I could damn well put up with a bit of guilt and suffer in silence. I still think this a healthy response. I have also come to feel that political actions born of guilt are always likely to be a failure for the same reason—that they involve making one's own feelings of guilt far too important. Political action has to be directed towards its own proper external objects; its goal should not just be making the actor himself feel better. If you're an individual in an impossible situation you make sure not to let your own feelings of guilt play too central a role and you do what you can.

To talk of "an impossible situation" is another way of saying that not all moral or political choices an individual may face are individually soluble. Which is why, even if one starts from the standpoint of politics-as-moral-choice individualism, one has to confront the question of political organisation. In practice, that's what all the talk of "commitment" is about: whether to join this or that organisation to help the

oppressed and downtrodden, and if so what attitude to adopt towards it.

The single greatest influence on the discussion of intellectuals and "commitment" has been the work of Antonio Gramsci. In part, no doubt, intellectuals responded warmly to Gramsci because he thought they were important. For Gramsci, the French Revolution was won not on the barricades but long before, in the years of the Enlightenment. That is, the storming of the Bastille was in a sense a necessary outcome, a dotting of the "i"s, a crossing of the "t"s—it was the preceding cultural victory which was decisive. Gramsci distinguished several different types of intellectuals—traditional intellectuals, relating essentially to an established high culture; organic intellectuals of the ruling class, who articulated and rationalised the dominance of the classes from which they themselves had sprung; and finally, the revolutionary intellectuals who attempted to carry out the same functions for the proletariat, developing its consciousness of itself into an alternative, and ultimately hegemonic culture.

This last type (of which Gramsci was an example himself) was the veritable prototype of the committed left-wing intellectual, but Michael Walzer in *The Company of Critics* is surely right to point out that this made the intellectual (and the Party) a missionary—calling workers "comrade" but being anything but brothers under the skin. Like Christian missionaries before them, these activists—preaching friars, clerks militant—knew the real Truth and were concerned, if necessary by heroic self-sacrifice, to get the masses to recognise it. There was no doubting the extraordinary devotion and selflessness of many such clerks militant of the left, but it has to be admitted that such a posture often bespoke a certain arrogance and tended to make a fraud of any profession of egalitarianism, let alone democracy.

One uses the past tense for all this because, although one recognises any number of twentieth century communist and socialist intellectuals in this portrait, it is surely difficult to see this as a model for the future. It is not just that we have reached, in Eric Hobsbawm's phrase, "the end of the classic labour movement" in the west; in any case, the post-Mao and Gorbachev era has pulled the rug out from under organised political Marxism. Both these developments suggest that the day of Gramsci's revolutionary intellectual is over.

If the old missionary role is rejected, there are only so many alternatives. One can become a mystic populist, like Tolstoy who, "against every social evil, summoned up the primitive but sublime goodness of the Russian peasant". But this is really rather silly. Ignazio Silone was admirably frank about it: "I haven't the illusion that the poor possess the truth," he wrote. "I know that their spiritual poverty... is often as great as their material misery."

A second alternative is to do what Silone did—to plunge oneself back into the world of the peasant village, to savour not the peasant's intrinsic goodness or wisdom but his cunning, his humour, his discontents, jealousies and parochial rivalries, his land-hunger—his sheer

earthy naturalness, in a word; to become "one more weary radical wrapping himself in the shroud of organic connection". There is something vastly satisfying about this. But it is difficult to see the absorption into these little worlds of Don Camillo as representing an alternative political choice. Usually it means giving up political choices for the pleasures of becoming a participant-observer.

A third possibility, faced with the evident exhaustion of the classic labour movement—and, with it, the exhaustion of the classic Gramscian role of the radical intellectual—is simply to pretend nothing has happened. A surprising number of left-wing intellectuals have opted for this and go emptily banging on as if the clock had stopped at 1968 or even earlier. They resemble those cartoon characters who run over the edge of a cliff and hang suspended for a while, their feet spinning in mid-air. A fourth possibility is to become a right-wing renegade. Usually this means giving up an instinctive sympathy with the poor and oppressed—sometimes by arguing that the poor will always be with us, sometimes by denying that such categories even exist.

There is also, though, the uncomfortable path charted by George Orwell. Both right and left have claimed him, the left pointing to his pre-war writings, the right pointing to *1984* and *Animal Farm*. But there is no need to choose: the postwar Orwell never reneged on what he had written earlier. And there was no reason to do so. It is perfectly possible to detest both the

*Finally, you tell
the truth because the
truth is sacred and
covering up an untruth
is squalid*

British class system and Stalinism. But the crystal quality of Orwell's writing comes not from his dislike of any political dispensation but from his simple detestation of untruth.

Interviewed in 1940 on the subject of "The Proletarian Writer", for example, Orwell simply denied that there was such a thing as proletarian literature—all it could be, he says was "bourgeois literature with a slightly different slant". This sort of uncomfortable truth-telling does not make friends.

Raymond Williams's reaction to *1984* is a typical example of the fury created by the discomforting Orwell: "As for *1984*, its projections of ugliness and hatred... onto the difficulties of revolution or political change, seem to introduce a period of really decadent bourgeois writing in which the whole status of human beings is reduced." Walzer is surely right in suggesting that Williams's reaction is itself an example of the failure of English political writing

and that the phrase "the difficulties of revolution" is as dishonest a gloss as W H Auden's "necessary murder", a line which, Orwell correctly observed, could never have been written by anyone who had seen a man murdered.

But the real point is surely that *1984* contains a number of important truths about the nature of totalitarianism, just as *Animal Farm* contains some important truths about the fate of revolution. You can't write those truths out of the script just because they make you feel uncomfortable. Nor is it fair to saddle Orwell with responsibility for the "decadent" writing which followed him or with what political use others made of his writings.

In theory, of course, everyone will tell you they believe in telling the truth. In practice, Orwell's path is a hard one to follow, and yet he is the first to achieve a transcendence of the classic Gramscian categories. What Orwell is saying is that you have to be committed and you have to tell the truth. And telling the truth isn't just not telling lies about your enemies, its talking straight to your friends. It means the avoidance of bad faith.

What makes this so hard is the politics of solidarity which applies quite equally on right and left. What solidarity politics means is that you have to stay on the same side as this or that group. Crucially, it means observing certain necessary silences and not being right too soon. The Gramscian intellectual, facing a moral dilemma over truth-telling within a political organisation, will feel that the cause and the organisation come first. But the Orwellian will feel that the truth must always come first.

Orwell was no fool and he knew a white lie when he saw one; and he also knew that once you'd agonised over the problem, you still had to tell the truth. Because the truth will come out in the end anyway. Because perhaps you betray people by not telling them the truth. Because perhaps you can head off worse in the future by telling the truth now. But finally you tell the truth not for any instrumental reason but just because the truth is sacred and covering up an untruth is squalid. Since political organisations don't feel comfortable with individuals who tell uncomfortable truths and ask awkward questions, the individual who decides to adopt this Orwellian stance may ultimately be forced into a lone wolf role. But if so, so be it.

So individuals can count, and anyway we have to act on the moral assumption that they do. However collectivist one's aims and objectives may be, the argument for a political commitment to such a cause must necessarily be addressed to the individual's sense of moral responsibility. The argument that one should side with the majority, the poor and the oppressed, rests not just on notions of elementary humanity but on the assumption that one feels or should feel a moral responsibility towards that wider humanity. And once one accepts that notion of individual moral responsibility, one cannot but judge people in terms of it, heroes and villains and all the rest. The only moral framework for judgement is that you have to do the best you can and you have to try to tell the truth. ●

THE ROYAL OPERA

LA BOHEME

GIACOMO PUCCINI

The classic production of one of the most endearing operas of all time

WITH

ILONA TOKODY
AS MIMI

DENNIS O'NEILL
AS RODOLFO

CONDUCTOR
ANTONIO PAPPANO

PRODUCTION
JOHN COPLEY

DESIGNER
JULIA TREVELYAN OMAN



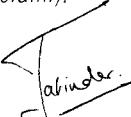
5, 9, 11, 14, 18, 20 JULY at 7.30pm
BOX OFFICE 071 240 1066/1911

Ilona Tokody as Mimi. Photo: Donald Southern

Theatre is joyous risk-taking - what ancient South Asians called "irreverence to the Gods"! And the Fringe thrives on risk: challenging form and content towards a future possibility.

The multi-cultural diversity of Britain offers a crucible for the Europe of tomorrow: a diversity of languages, of colours, of forms and of movements.

South Asians through the ages have long sensed their unity-in-diversity; it is a sensibility that offers us Britons hope for the future. A hope that, for me, can only be realised in the Fringe - which offers me space to take risks in the discovery of a distinctive theatre identity that is European and Asian (or whatever other "and" one may wish to proclaim)!


Jatinder Verma
Artistic Director, Tara Arts

Barclays New Stages is a unique three-year sponsorship devised by Barclays Bank to encourage and promote Fringe theatre. Open to the full spectrum of Britain's independent theatre - including dance and community work - in 1990 Barclays New Stages will enable ten Fringe companies to devise and perform new works in over fifty locations nationwide. Barclays New Stages will also sponsor a season at London's Royal Court Theatre in Spring 1991.

Barclays New Stages details from Kallaway Ltd 071 221 7883



BARCLAYS
new stages
FOR INDEPENDENT THEATRE

Cambridge

The Englishman's England

Taste, travel and the rise of tourism

IAN OUSBY

'Not a guidebook, not a travel book, but a pioneer work of what we must call "tourist history" written, moreover, with elegance and style. Like all good history it contains valuable lessons for the future as well as the past, and should be required reading for all who know and care about the beauties, natural and architectural, of our country.'

John Julius Norwich

£14.95 net HB 0 521 37374 3 240 pp. 66 half-tones

Now in paperback

Filming Shakespeare's Plays

The Adaptations of Laurence Olivier, Orson Welles, Peter Brook and Akira Kurosawa

ANTHONY DAVIES

This book reveals some of the special qualities of cinema's dramatic language in classic film adaptations of Shakespeare.

'Davies intelligent and lucid study is based upon the films of Olivier, Welles, Brook and Kurosawa, and represents another valuable addition to the academic study of Shakespeare in performance ...'

The Stage and Television Today

£9.95 net PB 0 521 39913 0 240 pp. 17 half-tones

Rock Music

Culture, Aesthetics and Sociology

PETER WICKE

A stimulating and penetrating study of rock music tracing its genesis and influence from the advent of rock 'n' roll, through Elvis Presley and the Beatles to the performers of today, which examines its fascination and significance for contemporary society.

£27.50 net HB 0 521 36555 4 236 pp.

£9.95 net PB 0 521 39914 9 236 pp.

Blues Fell this Morning

Meaning in the Blues

PAUL OLIVER

This is a new, thoroughly revised edition of Paul Oliver's classic study of the blues.

From reviews of the first edition:

'... remarkable ... a definitive study in breadth and depth of themes, backgrounds, imagery and motivation of the blues.'

The New York Times

£30.00 net HB 0 521 37437 5 360 pp.

£9.95 net PB 0 521 37793 5

Domination and Conquest

The Experience of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, 1100-1300

R. R. DAVIES

Professor Davies examines how the English fought to dominate Ireland, Scotland and Wales throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: their motivation, attempted justification and the response of the conquered nations.

£14.95 net HB 0 521 38069 3 152 pp.



Cambridge
University Press

The Edinburgh Building, Cambridge CB2 2RU, UK.



Foss Poster portfolio publisher by Grafton Books

Enter the twilight zone

Mark Sinker takes a trip into the outer and inner reaches of the Cyberworld

Activity in the Science Fiction field is at an all-time high. There's been more in the last three years, suggests David Pringle, editor of *Interzone*, the UK's major SF and fantasy magazine, than in the previous two decades. SF has always moved in boom-bust cycles, but "every time it busts it never quite goes down to the earlier level. And if it is going to bust this time, it's taking a long time to happen."

Interzone itself, with a readership of maybe 10,000, has just gone monthly. A half dozen new SF, fantasy and horror titles—including

PsychoCandy, *REM* and *Back Brain Rec-luse*—are starting up or going professional. Shops like Forbidden Planet have been steadily expanding, opening new branches all over the country. Publishers throughout the year have been poaching established names from one another (Brián Aldiss, JG Ballard and Michael Moorcock have all moved this year), or harrying *Interzone* for the names of unknowns to sign up. Pan Books, a significant example, having more or less dropped science fiction altogether, just launched a new SF list.

Fleetway, which already publishes the

hugely successful *2000AD* (13 years old, circulation 105,000) and *Crisis*, has just launched a third "young adult" title, *Revolver*, all of which coincides with intense public interest in inner and outer reaches of popular science—from the runaway bestseller *A Brief History of Time* to a spate of Space Race nostalgia.

Revolver is aimed at 16-25 year olds (the generation who ingested *Dr Who* and *Star Trek* with mothers' milk). A remodelled Dan Dare dominates the cover. The first story, *Purple Days*, is a unique event in the history of biography. Its writer, rock journalist Charles Shaar

Murray, regards it as a "missing chapter" from his recent Jimi Hendrix biog *Crosstown Traffic*.

In some ways, of course, such a focus on yesterday's heroes echoes the sad course of the comics revival of five years back, when interest in genuinely unusual independent comics like *Maus* and *Love & Rockets* led to increased shelf-space for the revamped *Batman*. More "realistic", brutalised, better-realised, but still *Batman*.

Alan Moore, the successful comics writer whose *Watchmen* gave Superhero studies hip cachet (and who admits a certain gloomy responsibility for this development), is still convinced comics can be much more. His new title, *Big Numbers*, already selling well, eschews heroes altogether. An ambitious project, it has a philosophical basis in Chaos Theory and Fractal Mathematics, the abstract computer-age modelling geometry of complexity. But it's only SF, he says, if you drop all stereotyped definitions. "It's set in a relentlessly humdrum Midlands town, with not a rocket, robot, or blaster in sight."

Revolver, however, looks to have caught the mix of well-informed PopCult cheek, softcore underground politics and old-fashioned graphic verve that *2000AD* has had at its best. They want to get back to the force and freedoms of earlier youth explosions: "The nineties are the sixties upside down (and let's get it *right* this time)," says an afterword to the first issue. Murray, remember, got into writing via *School-kid's Oz*. Hendrix, stellar prophet of turbulence, is an icon quite unlike *Batman*. The old Dan Dare—symbol of post-war empire optimism—shared *Batman's* fortunes: *Revolver's* Dare is up for a rougher, teasing ride than all too many recently revamped superheroes.

Throughout the seventies, SF had seemed to be dying, despite an intriguing stream of hippy-feminist fantasy. In 1986 William Gibson published *Neuromancer* and Cyberpunk took off, taking the most radical stylistic experiments of sixties new wave SF overground: Ballard's and Burroughs's obsessions with the psycho-social effects of technology, Philip Dick's pulp mastery of altered state and underdog paranoia, and the Space Fiction romance of (gay, black) Samuel Delany, with its distinct undertow of dissidence.

When a movement really matters, it becomes a force in everything that isn't itself: it's resorted to, as explanation or demonstration, far beyond its normal boundaries. Cyberpunk has tailed off sharply as a novelty genre in the written SF mainstream but outside, its influence is only just beginning. A man-machine frenzy has been sweeping black and white dance-pop anyway. House (and its hardcore cousin Techno) is easy-to-make CyberPop. However, the new pop fanatics are now shaped and infiltrated by Cyberpunk theory: the psychedelic perceptions of young brains and bodies jacked into this or that hardware are becoming its legacy.

The totem of the movement has become the Mandelbrot Set, an infinitely jagged fractal shape only made possible through fairly recent computer technology. It can be enlarged forever without resolving towards any kind of



"Revolver" caters for a generation brought up on Dr Who and Star Trek

simplicity. Suddenly everywhere, this absurdly gorgeous, limitless Paisley Park of a mathematical shape is appearing on T-shirts and LP covers, not just user-friendly, but mind-expanding: eternal and *man-made*.

The effect of this is already far-reaching. "Reality as consensus hallucination", far from being a minority view, has become the working model pop culture applies to itself. Everything we see and hear that matters comes via computer-generated mental images and an info-saturated global media network: this is what we judge "real" reality against. Nothing escapes it, comics, newspapers, pirate radio, cartoons,

SF—crankily colourful, dense and fragmented, casually irreverent, absolutely cross-cultural

TV news: they are all interlocked fields of stimulation. Good or bad, the Cyberworld trip is all. This may or may not be the correct explanation of why we consume fact and fiction so relentlessly, so indiscriminately, but it's the most comprehensive.

Guileless magpie eclecticism—a characteristic pop is often despised for—has of course always been its greatest strength. Just as "fractals have reversed the trend to specialisation in the sciences", as Moore says. *Big Numbers* (originally to be titled *The Mandelbrot Set*) is intended to take this barrier-crashing further. Chaos Theory and Cyberpunk have combined to turn science into the pop of the nineties, with all the perversity, disillusion, hype and deliciously energised speculation that entails.

Pop has always been consumed with a dynamic mix of fascination and contempt. Science-

as-pop (as covered in the glossy magazine *Omni*, for example, which has always unashamedly run trippy fact next to trippy fiction) has similar democratic potential—to become a basis for connection of people, culture and knowledge. Chaos Theory proves that unreadable turbulence can follow tiny changes in input: dreams of weather control, let alone utopias of benevolently centralised social control, begin to look hopeless. "Most of scientific progress thus far has been based upon a rather arrogant mindset that suggests the whole of the natural world is a mess and it's up to Glorious Mankind to impose a sensible structure on it," argues Moore. "It exists in all fields. It's one of the things that's led to an awful lot of damage to the environment."

From within, SF's global pop triumph hasn't really been understood or acted on. The editors I spoke to all see this present upsurge as a marketing success—simply getting a product to the people that want it more efficiently than ever before. There is something in this, but only if we focus narrowly on writing or film. Apart from the refusenik politics nurtured by fringe fanzines and collections like *Semiotext(e)* SF, SF, potentially a radical fiction of ideas, has not for the most part shed its most formulaic and immature conventions. Fantasy and horror are currently the more radical areas: Delany's post-structuralist *Sword & Sorcery* worlds, or Clive Barker's increasingly impressive film-and-book forays into the deep politics of difference, splatter-punk style.

Marketing success reflects something else, of course, something much wider. Sales figures have ended decades of such genre-snobbery. No one *knows* what "mainstream" means now, or what medium hits home hardest. The lyrical force of even the formulaic and immature SF-metaphor is infectious. Crossover, in all directions, is everywhere. Ballard turns in a childhood memoir: Rushdie writes novels that aspire to the condition of, well, *Revolver*, actually—crankily colourful, dense and fragmented, casually irreverent, absolutely cross-cultural.

Fantasy offers escape from realism. Obviously that's partly the point. But realism, ("new" or "social" or "socialist") is the philosophical and aesthetic domain of a historically specific group, which the current youth-wave has nothing whatever in common with. "We have this late 20th century melting pot," says Neil Gaiman, novelist and comic writer: "Barriers are breaking down, prejudice is breaking down, assumptions as to what is valid and what is not is breaking down ... We're already *living* in the future."

Fantasy offers escape from the prescriptive hegemony of dullards' realism (unaware of this breakdown, or worse, resistant to it). But really it offers more—and better—ways to describe the real-life present we have to clamber through: vibrant ways, flexible, speculative, sometimes lushly visionary, sometimes scary. That spills over everywhere, into robotic chart-pop and street-style. As some younger African-American writers and neo-Hoodoo theorists now insist: "It's after the End of the World already. Didn't you know that yet?"



"The Discoverer": Jorn Ronnav's huge cloaked figure, made from Lego bricks

French's high-tech "room for the future of young people"; an installation by painter Fiona Clucas, sculptor Glyn Mould and sound recordist Charles Mapleston, which recreates the world of the Venice Carnival; and colourful wall-hangings by textile artist Maddi Nicholson.

At the centre of *The Art Machine* are Imagination Workshops which encompass everything from basic sand and water play to computers; Ron Geesin's innovative Tune Tube—a huge musical instrument played by the human body; and the Labyrinth, a disconcertingly continuous paper corridor—all of which encourage children to explore both the environment and their own creativity.

Ironically, the model for *The Art Machine* came from science—from children's exhibitions in the US, but, explains Triangle's Ken Baynes, "generally those exhibitions expect children to learn something which has been pre-determined, whereas *The Art Machine* encourages children to use their imagination to draw their own conclusions."

Judging from the response of the thousands of kids who have visited the exhibition so far, *The Art Machine* is a success. Excited shouts of "Look at this!" mingle with strains of recorded music, applause and computer voices. Instead of scowling attendants, youthful guides (drama and music students in colourful T-shirts and baseball caps) encourage children to touch, crawl over, climb and sit on the works of art.

Undoubtedly, it is all great fun, but if it is to change children's and adults' view of art, design and most importantly their own creativity, it must be more than a gimmicky one-off project. Encouragingly, Julian Spalding sees it as part of a long-term process to break down barriers and preconceptions about children's art.

His plans include the setting up of children's exhibitions in all of Glasgow's galleries, seminars on design for children and the establishment of a Glasgow children's museum in the near future. Says Spalding, "We always intended that *The Art Machine* would spark off a programme of projects and initiatives for children's art in Scotland. The great thing about this exhibition is that adults usually accompany the children and they learn from them not to be too uptight about art."

Is there a possibility that *The Art Machine* veers too much in the other direction, encouraging children to think that all exhibitions will be like this, that art is there to be touched, not just looked at? Says Ken Baynes, "We were very aware of that problem, and that is why we have made part of the show contemplative, including exhibits which are clearly labelled "Do Not Touch". I don't know if we've solved the problem completely, but we have tried."

Julian Spalding is not too worried about the possibility of "spill-over" of expectations and attitudes to other exhibitions: "That's our problem and we'll just have to learn how to deal with it."

But will he be saying that when an over-enthusiastic child knocks over one of the Rodins in the Burrell Collection?

Art

Synthetic worlds

Janice Forsyth on a radical new approach to art for children

Don't touch! Pay attention! Keep quiet!" Remember those school trips to musty museums inhabited by dull paintings, stuffed animals and uniformed attendants? The subliminal message from those outings was clear—art was old, had no relation to "real" life and was certainly not fun. And even in the seventies and eighties, when educationalists implemented a fresh, "hands-on" approach to the teaching of science in schools, art for children was left mouldering in a corner—Exhibit A—look if you must but please don't touch.

However, a new exhibition, just opened in

Glasgow, may be the catalyst for a radical new approach to art for children in the 1990s. At a cost of £360,000, the **Art Machine** (McLellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, until 26 August) is the largest art and design show ever created especially for children and is one of the city's key exhibitions during its European City of Culture celebrations.

A collaborative project devised by Glasgow Museums and Art Galleries director Julian Spalding and the Leicestershire-based educational design group, Triangle Projects, who created the phenomenally successful touring exhibition, *The Art of Lego*, the show is very much of the nineties—hands-on, up-front and very noisy...

It consists of three large exhibitions, a performance area, four environmental installations and a series of workshops; commissioned work by over 40 artists will remain in Glasgow's permanent art collection.

Highlights include sculptor David Kemp's ingenious transformation of two clinker-built Cornish fishing boats into a giant sea monster, the Wooden Whaler; designer Stephen

Greatest British double act

Paul Morley has a laugh with Vic Reeves

You wouldn't believe what just happened to me. I was sadly sucking a soft plum in the company of a recruitment specialist when Bobby Robson sent me a fax to ask me if I can tell the difference between a Cadbury's Spira and a Cadbury's Twirl. I was so bowled over I couldn't help but hum a few bars of *Chirpy Chirpy Tweet Tweet* and cut my hair like Aldous Huxley while staring inside the scalp of Ludovic Kennedy's chiropodist. And then my head fell off into the lap of Derek Hatton.

I often have days like this, when the light weight and bright screen of modern getting by crowds into me and clouds my usually clear vision, and life seems really nothing more than a far fetched electric blast of fading trivia, media mashed names and faces, advertising slogans and Dada regulations, all set to music by James Last, or Cecil Taylor, or both. I know so much and so little, all at once and not at all, and most of what I know and don't know usually makes me laugh. Inwardly.

I've been laughing a lot, inwardly, at **Vic Reeves Big Night Out** (which has been playing on Friday nights), the most abstract, enterprising and *correct* British light entertainment of the last 20 years.

You would not believe that a British comedian could so keenly appreciate the exhausted, disengaged mood of these collapsed and frantic days of repetitive fancy and congestion, and not only that but also create a fully delusional world that spins sort of right between Max Wall and David Cronenberg, or between Charlie Drake and Thomas Pynchon. Vic's virtuoso delineation of the utterly monolithic surfaces of contemporaneity becomes complicit, at a certain point, in the maintenance of the myths of the same cybernetic omnipotence he intends to deplore. And you would not believe the size of his sausage!

Vic is the leader of a gang that is as crazy, goony, Pythony, stuffy as you should wish, a gang stroke conceptual systematic malfunction that has pushed comedy first past the post-modern. Their farceinated spectacle tells us more about what is going on around us and inside our heads than any British writer.

You may be wondering why I will not let it lie that I feel so positively towards this morally twisted and mentally congealed half-hour half-cock half-real wonderland. Well, I would have let it lie after the first show, when it seemed quite likely that Channel 4 had produced a piece of fluff more amateur than Clive Anderson and more poor than Julian Clary's quiz-ish show.



But with Reeves, it's one of those things: don't make your mind up immediately. After watching the first display again, just to make sure I hadn't died, and then catching as best I could the second, I was hooked, or more aptly, I was a fingernail floating in the lifestyle of Angie Best. After show number two, it was clear that Reeves agrees with Aristotle: there is no better start for thinking than laughter. He also agrees with Karlheinz Stockhausen, John Noakes, Dr Ruth and Ionesco.

In partnership with Bob Mortimer, a fruity, irksome fall guy who's as straight as a wheelbarrow, Vic has invented, and let's be serious, the greatest British double act since Morecambe and Wise: and Channel 4 can tattoo that on Michael Grade's forehead. If this was the better world, a world we could call our own, the Christmas Day BBC voice of the nation comedy celebration of self and society would be Vic and Bob's, not Russ and Bruce's. Because, in the end, the only difference between Vic Reeves and Ronnie Barker is the way that Jean Paul Gaultier eats the cream foam off the back of a cycling Kraftwerk fan who once appeared in a Bran Flakes ad. And I mean that as a compliment.

This is classic old-fashioned looning at the end of a slapstick embedded inside a global village where nothing makes sense, actually. This is traditional absurdist dismantling of perspective and opinion, a stubborn fracturing of received wisdom, set inside a money quickened world that is at once seductive and stupid. It's as if the Marx Brothers found themselves inside a Talking Heads video where everything went without saying. I will not let it lie: not much younger than Hope, Michael, Elliot and Nancy (sob), I still confront ticket collectors,

Vic Reeves breaks up the rules of comedy

bank clerks, friends and neighbours with Vic's hot new stoned cold catchphrases that fling Bob Monkhouse insincerity into the long lost life story of Philip K Dick. For those of us who grew up on Bernie the Bolt, I'm Free, Get out of that without moving, Nice to see you to see you nice, Look at the muck in here, then What's on the end of your stick, Vic, makes perfect, moving sense.

Still not letting it lie, critically speaking, wearing my mask of desperate importance, *Vic Reeves Big Night Out* was the most marvellous TV I've seen all year, along with the pilot of David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*: where all our life and all our yesterdays is also reduced to a cut down cut price cut up of dream, banality, cliché, reason, routine, where the old is dead and the new can't be born, where something is always happening somewhere else and all we can do is nearly fathom it out. Where the universe gets bigger and the talk gets smaller, where everything connects for no reason at all.

The laugh's on me, but I can't help believing that Vic is as profound as a wounded parrot fan of James Garner when he implies that the secret of life is on the end of the stick. And not only does he break up the rules of comedy with a raunch nonchalance, but he can break your heart too, singing with a voice that's as much the voice of the 20th century as Neil Young's or Matt Monro's.

If you missed the series, you missed everything. And nothing. (I bet you knew I was going to say that. I bet you don't know what I'm going to say next.) And you missed the air that Fred Dineage and Osbert Sitwell once breathed. It's as simple as that.

mango presents



BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

one of britain's outstanding black poets makes his mango debut with a collection of strident political and social themes, underpinned by some of the hottest rhythms of the summer.

US AN DEM

available as a mango cd (cidm 1043) cassette (mct 1043) and album (mlps 1043).



the poetic roots





A dull humanism pervades Imamura's "Black Rain" (left) and, below, "Lord of the Flies" opts for the mythical qualities of the novel



Film

Hear no evil

Suzanne Moore on films that fail to horrify

Shohei Imamura's film **Black Rain** may share a name with Ridley Scott's racist thriller but it couldn't be more different. The black rain of the title refers to the deadly radioactive substance that fell from the clouds following the bombing of Hiroshima. While Scott uses this to superficially explain anti-American feeling among the Japanese, by the end of the film you realise that it's actually a device to sanction aggressive anti-Japanese feeling. Imamura's film, on the other hand, simply charts the after-effects of the bomb.

Shot in timeless black and white, the film focuses on Yasuko and her family, who are caught up in those terrible events of August 1945. She and her aunt and uncle survive, though she is caught in the black rain. They trudge through what was once Hiroshima, surrounded by the dying—their skin hanging off them like tattered clothes.

Next time we see Yasuko it is five years later and she has reached marrying age. Yet one potential groom after another drops her as soon as they find out she was in Hiroshima. She has become an untouchable. Even the medical certificate that her uncle obtains for her means

nothing.

Imamura is at his best in dealing with the total powerlessness and incomprehension of this "community bound by the bomb". Even as the tumours start to appear the local people believe that fresh carp blood will keep them healthy. But as the film moves slowly and inevitably to its terrible conclusion, the stoicism of Yasuko and her family starts to become wearing.

There is no anger in this film, only a kind of martyrdom. The women are particularly long-suffering, though Imamura is known for his attempts to break down the stereotyped portrayal of Japanese women.

Everything is coated in a dull humanism which becomes numbing. Though *Black Rain* reminds of us of just how wrong the bombing of Hiroshima was—and who now thinks otherwise?—it ignores the specifics of the situation. As awful as it was, this wasn't an event that happened outside of history but from its very centre. Japan was at war; the imperialist rampages visited on China and Korea are nowhere mentioned here. For many of its victims the bomb indeed did come out of the blue. But surely if we are to prevent such an atrocity occurring again we have to understand how it happened. Moral condemnation alone is about as effective as the rickety umbrellas that the peasants used to shield themselves from the fall-out.

More and more films which offer up these universal messages seem out of sync with the modern world. The film industry may Think Global but doesn't understand the implications of the rest of the slogan—Act Local. Certainly Harry Hook's remake of William Golding's **Lord of the Flies** has very little to tell us that

is new. Golding's novel, which once seemed to carry some kind of deep-seated truth about human nature, now looks as much a product of its time as anything else. That a bunch of prep school boys, when left to their own devices, degenerate into savages is hardly shocking.

Though Hook is a competent director, as he demonstrated in *The Kitchen Toto*, he offers nothing to better Peter Brook's 1963 version of *Lord of the Flies*. In opting for the mythical qualities of the novel (and the US market) he too sacrifices the specifics so that the English middle-class kids of the book are exchanged for American military cadets. The class and nationalist nuances of the novel are thus obliterated.

The English middle-class kids are exchanged for American military cadets

The more interesting questions about how certain social systems express or repress our darker sides are lost in favour of a visually lush, but emotionally bland, treatise about the loss of innocence. That little American boys who are being groomed to be soldiers—so that when they grow up they can go around hacking "the enemy" to bits—soon start practising on each other, will fail to surprise most people.

Both *Black Rain* and *Lord of the Flies* conjure up the ultimate in horror but in a manner that is strangely unhorrific. Maybe that's because they cast evil as either coming from totally outside (the bomb) or from completely inside (the psychotic individual). Whereas what really unsettles us these days is the knowledge that it's not so simple.

Crafting anew

Rosemary Hill on the new crafts shaking off the wholemeal image

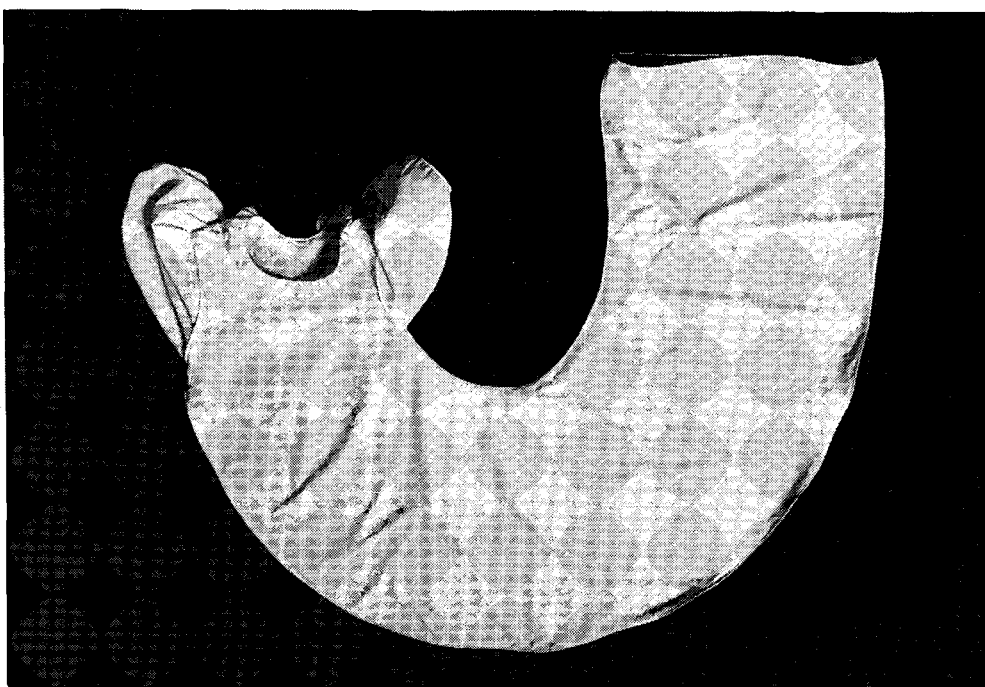
At some point during the 1970s it became as gauche to expect a piece of modern jewellery to be wearable as it was to think that a painting should be "of" something. A colourful outbreak of belated modernism in the crafts turned potters into ceramists and weavers into textile artists, gradually dispelling the wholemeal image and laying to rest the lingering ghosts of William Morris and Bernard Leach. Conservatives who had learned to bite their lips at the Tate were able to rush round to the newly-established Crafts Council uttering the traditional cries of "What's it meant to be?" and "A child of six could do it." Enthusiasts talked of a craft revival.

Of course it was not as sudden as it looked, but the Crafts Council's championship of the avant-garde established it as a phenomenon of the seventies and eighties. Broadhead, Baier and Slee were three of its leading exponents and their joint retrospective **Three Ways of Seeing**, furniture by Fred Baier, jewellery by Caroline Broadhead and pottery by Richard Slee (Crafts Council Gallery, Waterloo Place, London W1 until 29 July) is revealing. What is perhaps most striking is the sheer determination with which the British have stuck to the crafts.

Through a period when design and manufacture became—in Europe at least—increasingly able to offer the variety, the high finish and small editions that had been the prerogative of craftwork, still the idea that there was something important about the crafts persisted. As with most reactions in the arts, the new crafts look, with hindsight, more like progress. For all their iconoclasm, this generation never questioned the idea planted by Morris and Ruskin in the national imagination that the crafts were in some sense a Good Thing.

But good for what? Caroline Broadhead's work provides the most convincing answer. It developed from brooches and earrings that were witty and well-crafted into various more or less successful explorations of the areas where clothes and jewellery overlap. The best of these are the group of outline clothes made of stiffened seams like a skeleton wardrobe.

They have the fluency of fashion sketches but their scale and their sheer strangeness as objects give them an edge of commentary. It's the area that designers like Issey Miyake and Vivienne Westwood also developed in the eighties, but Broadhead can claim to have got there first, and the peculiar combination of design constraint and artistic freedom offered by the new crafts undoubtedly helped. Elsewhere, the show gives a less encouraging account of the British and the crafts in the last



15 years, pointing up the insularity, reaction and pessimism that have too often characterised both. There is a nasty whiff of dead hippy about the captions which are loaded down with Spartist references to the "so-called" fine arts and descriptions of the "risks" inherent in being a potter in the 1970s that make you wonder if the Crafts Council know that some people went to the moon in that decade.

There is a kind of lumpen whimsy about Fred Baier's furniture that shares this spirit, or lack of it. His Bay City Roller cabinet (1983), plywood, baroque and tartan top, is too massively well made not to crush its little joke beneath it. And was he really still listening to the Rollers in 1983? That could explain a lot, including his interest in making furniture that parodies machines. It is the old British anti-industrialism but stripped of its arts and crafts seriousness. He seems doomed, like Carlo Bugatti, whom he admires, to remain a curious byway in the history of furniture design.

This is the down side of the British idea of the crafts. Too much of a Good Thing becoming self-righteous and marginal rather than genui-

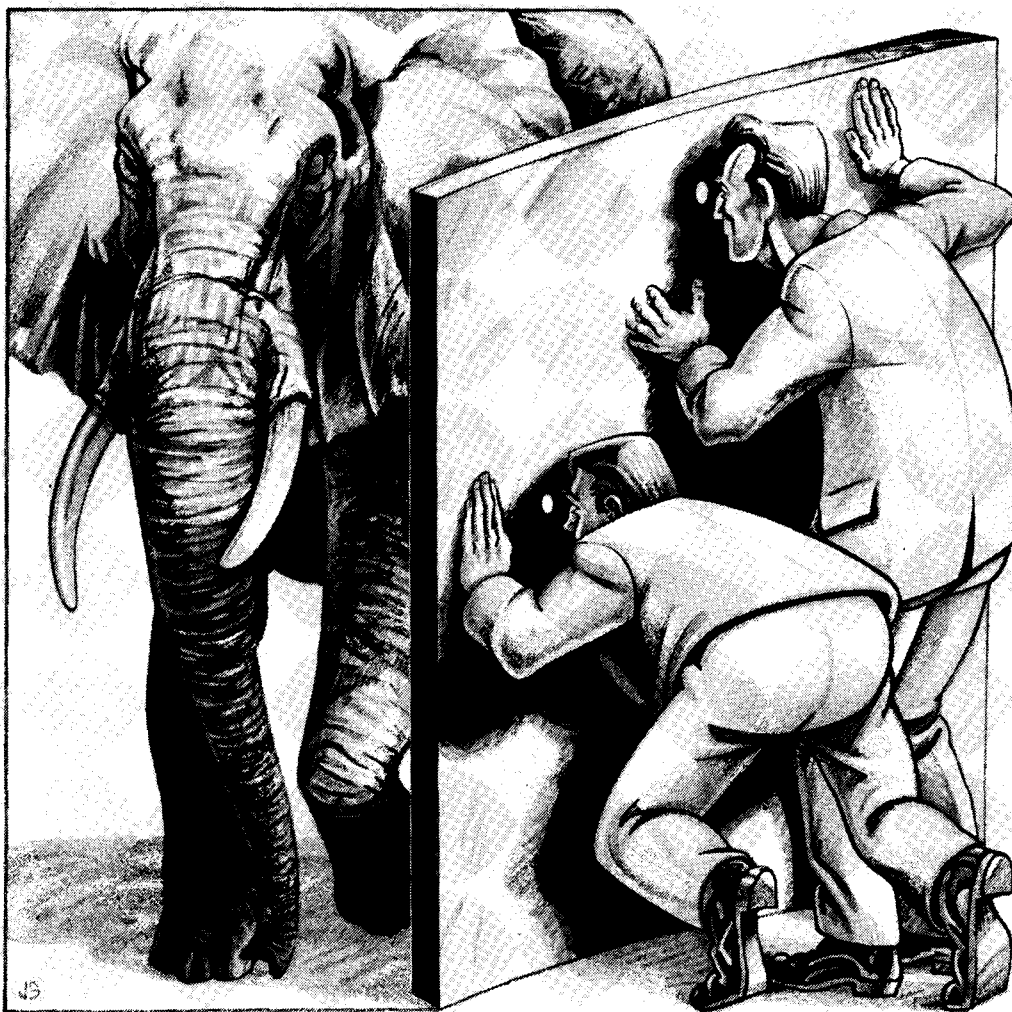
Dispensing with the wholemeal image: Richard Slee's virtuoso "Jug" (top) and Broadhead's "Bending over backwards for you"

nely alternative. The ultimate in this kind of self-defeat is in the potter Richard Slee's parodies of American kitsch. His brightly coloured novelty pieces take popular art forms squashed or twisted at the last minute to stop them being as satisfying as the objects they are mocking. Seen en masse they have a sinister munchkin quality.

Slee is a potter of extraordinary virtuoso skills who has spent his career imitating cheap industrial products and sending up ceramic history. Sometimes the effect is witty. A pompous cornucopia given legs and a curly tail seems to lift its leg rudely on the protocol of dining. But overall the effect is depressing. Slee's political pieces—about the state of the Labour Party and so forth—fall flat.

It is the persistence with which he frustrates and mocks his own talent and picks sadly over the past that indirectly says so much about the British craft and design of the last 15 years.

BOOKS



John Storey

For and against conservatism

CONSERVATISM

Ted Honderich

Hamish Hamilton £16.99

THE PHILOSOPHER ON THE DOVER BEACH

Roger Scruton

Carcenet £18.95

Bhikhu Parekh

Honderich and Scruton are both troubled by, and seek in their respective books to attack, what they take to be the dominant follies of our times. Honderich laments the way the Conservative government since 1979 has sought to "degrade human nature" and "drag down the character of a people", and aims to analyse and refute its ideology. Scruton traces the roots of most of our malaise to liberalism, by which he means not only what currently passes in its name but also socialism, communism and some

strands within modern conservatism, including parts of Thatcherism.

In seeking to analyse and understand conservatism, an ideological rather than a philosophical construct, Honderich is faced with obvious conceptual and methodological difficulties, not all of which he fully appreciates or successfully negotiates. Conservatism stands for different things in different countries with little in common between them. Honderich takes the short cut of concentrating on its

British, largely English variety. In spite of its title this is really a book about English conservatism.

Even this raises difficult questions of definition and boundary. When did English conservatism begin, or at least acquire a recognisable shape? Furthermore, conservatism ultimately stands for what conservatives have generally believed in, and conservatives are those who subscribe to conservative beliefs! How do we avoid the circularity, and could an individual be mistaken in his self-identification? Honderich bypasses the three problems of historicity, circularity and corrigible self-identification by insisting that conservatism stands for a tradition of thought spanning the period from Edmund Burke to the contemporary New Right.

He does not explain why he begins with Burke, how he decides who *legitimately* belongs to the tradition, whether its continuity of rhetoric might not conceal and even be used to hide important shifts of opinion, and whether it is not better to see conservatism and, indeed, every tradition as an interplay between different and sometimes incompatible strands. In the ultimate analysis, Honderich's conservatism is a socialist construction of its traditional enemy, and stands for all that a socialist loathes.

For Honderich, conservatism stands for such interrelated ideas as a non-altruistic morality, a commitment to private property and the market, a belief in the natural inequality of mankind, authoritarian politics, limited equality before the law and an even more limited equality of opportunity, the priority of economic over social and civic freedoms, and an impoverished view of man that largely relies on material incentives. Honderich asks what single moral principle unites and justifies these beliefs. After showing why the usually canvassed candidates are incoherent, he concludes that the principle of desert might perhaps do the job better.

This principle lays down that people are to be rewarded according to their merit. No worthwhile things in life are to be given free and everything should be "earned" and deserved. Thus power is a legitimate reward for those with superior abilities, wealth for those with enterprise and thrift, and status for those of noble birth and accomplishments. Conversely, the delinquents merit their punishment, and the morally undisciplined deserve their suffering and misery.

Despite its intuitive plausibility the principle of desert, Honderich rightly argues, is logically incoherent. No quality *inherently* deserves a specific response, and it is all a matter of a collective decision. The so-called merit, further, is a product of natural abilities and family background, neither of which is a matter of desert. Financial windfalls, luck and inherited property do not fall under desert either. Conservatives are therefore forced to introduce the supplementary principle of entitlement, but that does not help either. The new principle sits ill at ease with that of desert, and a man's entitle-

ment is also ultimately a matter of collective decision.

For Honderich, then, conservative beliefs lack moral rationale and coherence and do little more than rationalise the pursuit of naked class interest. As he puts it:

"The conclusion to which we come is not that conservatives are selfish. It is that they are nothing else... They stand without the support, the legitimization, of any recognisable moral principle. It is in this that they are distinguished fundamentally from those who are opposed to them."

This is an extraordinary conclusion. An unsympathetic critic might say the same about any ideology, and thus class interest does not distinguish conservatism. More importantly, class interest is too abstract and vague a concept to bear the weight Honderich places upon it. He does not specify what class conservatism serves, how it defines and prioritises its interests, and how it legitimises their pursuit to itself and especially to those adversely affected by them. What Ted Honderich calls the conclusion is in reality the starting point of the philosophical inquiry.

Why does he go so badly wrong? I think one of the main reasons has to do with the fact that he misunderstands the nature of political ideology and commits two fallacies: namely, he looks for a *single* principle from which to deduce all or most conservative beliefs, and he expects the principle to be *moral* in nature. Political ideologies are highly complex and essentially modern systems of belief. Concerned primarily with collective, not personal life, they offer specific visions of society which they articulate and defend in the dominant idioms of the age. They describe and explain existing society, diagnose its evils, propose remedies and seek popular support. Their descriptive, analytical, explanatory, normative and emotional dimensions stand in a highly intricate relationship, which varies from ideology to ideology.

Since social life is too complex and varied to be regulated by a single principle, political ideologies are little more than clusters of contingent, loosely related and mutually limiting empirical and moral beliefs held together by a relatively vague and emotionally charged vision of a good society. The normative component of an ideology is inseparable from its explanatory component, and both in turn are part of a general theory of man and society. The identity of an ideology therefore lies *not* in its moral principle, but in the way in which its understanding of man and society is related to a concrete historical situation read in a particular manner, and used to arrive at a specific body of policies.

Though Honderich's methodology and conclusion are unconvincing, they do not seriously damage his basic thesis. His book could be read as an attack not on conservatism in general, or its British variety, but on a specific strand within it. And his conclusion could be interpreted to mean not that conservatism is amoral but that it takes an extremely narrow and unsatisfactory view of morality. When seen in these terms, the book is formidable. It offers a powerful critique of the major beliefs of mo-

dern conservatism, and shows how much a rigorous philosopher can contribute to undermining the fashionable but deeply ruinous absurdities of his times.

Roger Scruton's book is a useful complement to Honderich's. He sets out clearly what Honderich at times distorts. And since he represents a non-Thatcherite strand within conservatism, he sometimes attacks the same targets as Honderich does from a very different perspective. Scruton's conservatism is an unstable but fascinating blend of Burke and Hegel conceived within a quasi-romantic aesthetic world-view.

At the deepest level, Scruton is concerned to retrieve a vocabulary and a view of the world increasingly threatened by an instrumentalist and narrowly rationalist approach to life. As he rightly insists, to understand collective life in terms of self-centred individuals related to each other by no other bonds than those of mutual fear and cold respect, and valuing institutions exclusively in utilitarian terms, is profoundly to misunderstand and corrupt it.

Human beings are bearers of multiple identities and engaged in making sense of their unique lives within the context of a long-established way of life. Social institutions are woven into their innermost being and need to be gratefully and affectionately nurtured. Generations are bound together by the deepest bonds of loyalty, mutual concern and even piety, and make legitimate claims on one another. Interpersonal and political obligations are not voluntarily undertaken but are embedded in, and grow out of, inherited social relations, and their discharge is not a chore nor a requital of a debt but an affirmation of one's membership of a community. Morality is woven into *mores*, and is inseparable from the collective *ethos* or ethics and thus from a community's culture. To reduce the majesty and grandeur of life to calculating morality is to distort both.

While all this is well said, Scruton gives it curious twists and ends up with a dangerously naive and authoritarian theory of the state. Two examples will suffice. Not content to ground individual morality in the collective *ethos*, he goes on to ground the latter in *ethnos*, and pleads for an untenably nationalist theory of the state. He insists that a viable state must become a nation, and devotes several pages to a most courteous but unconvincing criticism of my views on the subject. He uses the term nation in two different senses, a shared public culture and a quasi-racial sense of collective identity, and constantly slides from one to the other.

Every state requires and generally develops a shared language of public discourse and common sentiments and loyalties, but it does not need a consciousness of belonging to a common stock or kind that privileges and restricts its membership to specific ethnic groups. Britain is a "nation" in the first sense, but is not and cannot be one in its second and proper sense. Even England is not a nation in this second sense. And nor is the United States, an inherently open polity, welcoming hundreds of thousands of total strangers every year, allowing, even encouraging, them to retain their ethnic

identities, and wholly innocent of the silly notions of common descent or kind.

Since the unity of the state is grounded in a sense of nationhood for Scruton, he is led to argue that the state should uphold and even enforce the allegedly shared body of pre-rational collective feelings and moral intuitions lying at the heart of the nation. This has disastrous results, as is evident in his discussion of homosexuality. Convinced that it arouses an extremely strong "feeling of revulsion", he explores its "philosophical" rationale. It represents, he asserts, an unseemly vision of the flesh, disrupts intergenerational solidarity, lacks the element of mystery involved in exploring a body of the opposite sex, and is sinful and obscene.

Since he fears that his bizarre "rationale" will convince none but the converted, he wants to catch people young and "implant" in them a feeling of revulsion so that they will later "come to see the point of the traditional interdiction". How this is to be done, and whether it involves displays of the "unseemly vision" with appropriate denunciations, is not explained. Nor are we told what other feelings might become subject to similar brainwashing. A philosopher turning to childhood indoctrination in order later to *win* an argument is cheating. He shows little faith in his vocation and has clearly lost his way. If he tarries too long on Dover Beach, Scruton runs the risk of confirming Honderich's somewhat unkind description of him as an "unthinking man's thinking man".

Last things

THE LAST WORD AND OTHER STORIES

Graham Greene

Reinhardt Books £11.95

Anthony Quinn

In the introduction to his *Collected Stories* Graham Greene discusses his change of heart about a form that once "bored" him. Unlike the long haul of a novel, where character and incident can sneak up on the writer, Greene felt that the short story held no excitement, since he knew too much about it before he began to write. He proved himself wrong: "It was only the surface of the story which I knew as I began to write—the surprises might not be so far reaching as in a novel, but they were there all the same. They came in the unexpected shaping of a sentence, in a sudden reflection, in an unforeseen flash of dialogue; they came like cool drinks to a parched mouth." Yet the impression remains of a novelist who indulges rather than enjoys a short story, and there is even a note of indifference when he later describes his rereading them—"I can look at them quickly as I would look at an album of snapshots taken on many different holidays."

At the age of 85, with a prolific and celebrated body of work behind him, Greene can afford to be indifferent. It seems that his publishers,

however, cannot. *The Last Word and Other Stories* is a meagre collection of occasional tales, no more than chippings from a master's workbench. The earliest of them dates—extraordinarily—from 1923; the three most recent appeared in the *Independent*. Because they present such a scrappy assemblage, it might be pointless to look for any kind of unity or coherence. Yet there is a prevailing mood here, signalled by the book's very title: it has to do with transience and mortality, leave-takings and last things. One critic has referred to Greene's work as "a post-mortem fiction", defined by a longing "to get life over with, in order then to get on with it".

The title story bears this out: set in a dystopian future where a military regime has expunged all religion, it focuses on an old man tugged by fleeting memories of a past life. His sole possession is a damaged wooden crucifix which he has hidden from the authorities for years, though its significance remains a mystery to him. Invited to dine with "the General", the old man is surprised to find himself addressed as "Pope John"; it transpires that he is the last Pope, indeed the last Christian alive in this brave-ish new world. His usefulness as an object of impotence has expired, and so he must die, though not before he intones words in a language the General does not understand—"Corpus domini nostri...". As a dramatisation of the old church/state conflict this seems a bit lame next to *The Power and the Glory*; were one not convinced of Greene's seriousness about Catholicism, there might even be a hint of self-parody.

The presentiment of death shadows several of the other stories. In "The Moment of Truth" an elderly waiter harbours his cancer like a guilty secret, though he longs to confide in someone—anyone; a diffident friendship with an American couple offers him a last opportunity. In "An Appointment with the General" a shrewd left-wing journalist interviews a Latin American general in the twilight of his reign; asked what he dreams of, he replies "*La Muerte*"—"He dreams of death," the sergeant translated unnecessarily, and I could build an article on that, she thought with self-hatred". What is missing in these stories are some of those "surprises" Greene talks of. There are small felicities of language here and there, but nothing that catches the reader unawares. Certain stories might pursue an oblique or unusual route, but they all arrive at a disappointingly predictable destination.

The book's best story—and, in truth, its only memorable one—is "The Lottery Ticket", which reads like a compendium of favourite Greene motifs and milieux. Set in a "grim little tropical state", where moral inertia is endemic and people "die like dogs", it centres on a naive Englishman who wins a huge sum in a state lottery; an altruist, he donates it all to the authorities in the hope that the peasants' lot might be improved—"a free library, a hospital, a scientific institute". Too late he realises his gift has saved a corrupt regime from collapse, and cost a dissident politician his life.

The theme is a familiar one in Greene—the terrible havoc that idealism can unleash—but

it's restated here with punishing economy. One decent story in 12, however, isn't an impressive ratio. The valedictory air of the title might incline one to melancholy, but for the real poignancy of last words we can look elsewhere in the Greene oeuvre.

The pleasures of pastiche

LOVE AND DEATH ON LONG ISLAND

Gilbert Adair

Heinemann £10.95

Zoe Heller

Gilbert Adair has always been a self-confessed poacher of idiolects and ideas. His first novel, *The Holy Innocents*, was written in the manner of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*. His collection of essays, *Myths and Memories*, was a quasi-parodic homage to Roland Barthes's *Mythologies*. His two children's books, *Alice Through the Needle's Eye* and *Peter Pan and the Only Children* were straightforward sequels to the Lewis Carroll and J.M. Barrie originals. In his latest book, he returns once again to the pleasures of pastiche—this time, simulating the fastidious, antique prose of an elderly English writer.

The widowed narrator of *Love and Death on Long Island* is the author of four "Modern Classics" and a number of respected theoretical works. Contemptuous of the modern world's pandemic vulgarity, and being "something of an isolationist by natural inclination", he rarely socialises and remains resolutely ignorant of writers currently in vogue. He does not own a television and some years ago, after seeing *Shampoo* ("about a lascivious Californian hairdresser, a sort of odious ambulant phallus, in the throes of self-revelation") he vowed never to visit the cinema again.

Here is pride and snobbery ripe for a fall. And fall it does—in love. Fitting the come-uppance to the flaw, Adair has his narrator become obsessed with a movie actor. With one chance sighting of the sun-burnished teen-idol, Ronnie Bostock, the grand old man of letters is undone. Strange sexual urges beset him. He starts to consume mind-rotting fanzines in search of Ronnie info and Ronnie pics. At night he dreams Ronnie. In the day, he fantasises Ronnie with the aid of homosexual pornography. He even purchases a television and video recorder, in order to view Ronnie's oeuvre (*Skid Marks* and other cinematic infelicities). Ronnie-mania finally sends him to America, where, in a bid to seduce the witless beauty, his humiliation is made complete.

This story has its moments and the narrator's virgin encounters with demotic culture provide most of them. Describing the "dim, dark letter-box slot" of a video-recorder, or his first encounter with the epithet, "dickhead", he writes

with all the delicious, defamiliarising precision of a Martian poet.

But if Adair's mimicry of fogeish bewilderment is near-flawless, it is also a little cruel—a little eager to mortify its subject. Obsession is of necessity a humiliating state—but the obsessive can glean some dignity from an understanding of his own condition. Adair's narrator does not understand himself or his longings. He has none of the knowingness of a Humbert Humbert—just drooling, uncontrollable need. When we find him, with his underpants about his ankles, desperately trying to vent his frustrations over a copy of *Toy Boy*, it is not the subtle stab of tragi-comedy that we feel, but the cold weight of snickering farce. Deprived of the capacity to ironise his plight, he ends up merely pathetic. By appearing to revel in that fate, this book ends up mean and demeaning.

In praise of Pauline

HOOKED: FILM WRITINGS 1985-1988

Pauline Kael

Marion Boyars £14.95

George Melly

A ninth collection of film reviews, covering, in this fat volume, only three years, isn't that a touch vainglorious? Well, in the case of most critics it might well be, but Pauline Kael, though she has her detractors, is exceptional. It's not just that she writes well, or that she remains, after all these years, obsessed with the cinema, jealous of both its potential and its actual glories, and angry when it fails her. Her reviews are more than a come-on or a discouragement, more even than her ability to place a contemporary movie in relation to the past (she is the Sherlock Holmes of the concealed sequence, the filched image). Her great quality is that she understands that a film is not just a few hours' distraction. It is also, with an accuracy more frequently unconscious than aimed at, a reflection of the splendours and miseries of the world about it. She never hammers this home, but it is always there. In writing about the cinema she covers life itself.

She is an intellectual; that is to say she has read a lot, is able to abstract, to compare, to theorise when necessary. But she is never pompous or solemn. She's not a prude either, a moralist certainly but not a prude. She's enchanted by the erotic, likes good dirty jokes, can understand the driven and the perverse. Judging by her back references she can't be that young, but she doesn't write like an old person. She sees how things have changed in the cinema and why, but she isn't constantly complaining that it's inevitably for the worse. You don't always agree with her: I find her some-

continued on page 44

History Journals from Cambridge

The Historical Journal

Published in association with the Cambridge Historical Society, *The Historical Journal* publishes papers on all aspects of British, European and world history since the fifteenth century.
Subscription 1990: Volume 33, March, June, September and December: £67 for UK subscribers; £71 elsewhere; airmail £17 per year extra ISSN 0018-246X

Rural History: Economy, Society, Culture

This new interdisciplinary journal provides a lively and challenging forum for the study of all aspects of rural history and society. Subject areas include: history and literature, rural sociology and folklore, archaeology and material culture, art history and anthropology.
Subscription 1990: Volume 1, April and October: £32 for UK institutions; £36 for institutions elsewhere; £18 for individuals; airmail £5 per year extra ISSN 0956-7933

The Journal of Ecclesiastical History

The Journal of Ecclesiastical History publishes material on all aspects of the history of the Christian Church. It deals with the Church both as an institution and in its relations with other religions and society at large.
Subscription 1990: Volume 41, January, April, July and October: £64 for UK institutions; £71 for institutions elsewhere; £34 for individuals; airmail £13 per year extra ISSN 0022-0469

The Journal of Economic History

Published for the Economic History Association in cooperation with the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
The Journal of Economic History is devoted to the interdisciplinary study of economics and history, and is of interest not only to economic historians but to social, urban and demographic historians as well as to economists in general.
Subscription 1990: Volume 50, March, June, September and December: £37; £11 for single parts; airmail £18.50 per year extra ISSN 0022-0507

Comparative Studies in Society and History

Comparative Studies in Society and History is an international forum for presentation and discussion of new research into problems of change and stability that recur in human societies through time.
Subscription 1990: Volume 32, January, April, July and September: £44 for UK institutions; £48 for institutions elsewhere; £21 for individuals; airmail £14 per year extra ISSN 0010-4175

Continuity and Change

A journal of social structure, law and demography in past societies
 This journal aims to define a field of historical sociology concerned with long-term continuities and discontinuities in the structures of past societies.
Subscription 1990: Volume 5, May, August and December: £38 for UK institutions; £42 for institutions elsewhere; £20 for individuals; airmail £9.50 per year extra ISSN 0268-4160

Anglo-Saxon England

Anglo-Saxon England is recognized universally as the foremost regular publication in its field. In fact it is the only one which consistently embraces all the main aspects of study of Anglo-Saxon history and culture and which promotes the more unusual interests – such as music or education.
Subscription 1990: Volume 19, December: £45 for UK institutions; £48 for institutions elsewhere; £34 for individuals; airmail £7 per year extra ISSN 0263-6751

Journal of African History

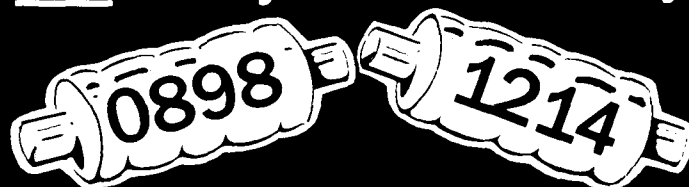
Journal of African History publishes articles and reviews ranging widely over the African past, from the late Stone Age to the 1960s. In recent years increasing prominence has been given to economic history and to the colonial period.
Subscription 1990: Volume 31, March, July and November: £44 for UK institutions; £47 for institutions elsewhere; £23 for individuals; airmail £11.50 per year extra ISSN 0021-8537

To subscribe, or for further information, please contact:
 Journals Publicity Department,
 Cambridge University Press, *FREEPOST,
 The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road,
 Cambridge CB2 1BR, England
 (*No postage required if posted in the UK)



cricketcall

LIVE ball-by-ball commentary



Then add the number you want.

**DERBYSHIRE
 ESSEX
 GLAMORGAN
 GLOUCS.
 HAMPSHIRE
 KENT
 LANCASHIRE
 LEICS.
 MIDDLESEX
 NORTHANTS
 NOTTS.
 SOMERSET
 SURREY
 SUSSEX
 WARWICKS.
 WORCS.
 YORKSHIRE**

**66
 16
 30
 34
 22
 21
 69
 42
 14
 50
 60
 24
 33
 12
 56
 55
 44**

CRICKETCALL INTERNATIONAL

0898 121 134

CRICKETCALL COUNTY SCOREBOARD

0898 121 154

MINOR COUNTIES

0898 121 418

Calls cost 25p/minute cheap; 38p/minute other times
 BT Supercall, 1-9 Downham Road, London N1 5AA.



Crones

Ruth Padel

She says she has bad dreams.
Someone called Mrs Satchel
coming to get her. Hags with green faces
in the lavatory bowl, unwelcome
upside-down television.
My mother wildly says
these films are old for her.
"All the wizards of Cambridge
ever not give me brains."
She is the scarecrow, a unicorn,
a reindeer calf with a bell.
"The good witch's different
from the bad. But they're the same
to their selves." Where am I
in this fable-making? or the shared nanny
who frowns on comfort blankets, beakers with spouts
or help with buttoning coats?
"You don't dress me properly" she shouts
at me or the moon. "You put my pants
the wrong way round. Amanda says
my new red shoes are scruffy."
The dog growls as I hug her
and agree to be the bad witch once again,
under pine trees in the iced playground.
Merciful blackbellied clouds
scumble exposed winter stars.

The Protestant's Dog-Thieves

Ian Duhig

The first night of the twelve nights of Christmas
My father's wren boys, rumoured to behave worse
Than the Algerian Pirates in Baltimore,
Painted Guard Dwyer's cottage orange while he snored,
Wrapped Snout, his Pekinese, in a horse-blanket
And escaped to imperial blasts on the trombone
They'd stolen from him when he marched with the Blueshirts.

As Midnight Mass muttered its Confiteors
Snout, inwardly pure from his soapy enema,
Skittered toward the altar till Mrs Connors
Stunned him with her missal. Christ's anathema
Was called on The Protestant's Dog-Thieves in Latin
By the same Canon Walsh who called bingo numbers
In Latin so Guard Dwyer's wife couldn't win.

Deathbed

Yamazaki Sokan, 1464-1552
(translated from Japanese by Graeme Wilson)

Bitter, bitter, that it was:
But bloody funny too.

My father lying on his death-bed
While nothing I might do
Could staunch my tears or check the fearful
Farts my body blew.

POETRY



Daniel Pudles

On The Road

Hugo Williams

A boy came through a door in Opelousas
and stuck two fingers in the air
at a car that was going past
carrying a tourist with nothing better to do
than take down things he saw
as he travelled around America—
Franklin's Skating Arena and Shoe Repair,
End Of The World Sale Of Night Crawlers, dogs
mating in a town called Gun Barrel, Texas,
a boy who stuck two fingers in the air
and went back through a door in Opelousas.

The Cactus Garden

Maurice Riordan

Schnapps, a spiked fondue, more schnapps—
almost enough that drizzling Christmas Eve
to explain why, at the Elephant and Castle,
he jumped the train, leaving wife and kids
to gape at his exit from their lives.
Only to go on by bus, but miss his stop,
the street where he banked and shopped,
the park where day by day he strolled,
till he found himself at the end of the route.

He walked back the unfamiliar streets,
his first landmark a cactus garden
(last seen in August when one thin *saguaro*
was in flower) encased now in a homemade
pagoda of glass that shed in the rain,
under the sodium light, a moonish gleam.

Fuck Off Brutus

Anthony Healy

The punk movement was really just three glorious months
When the audience stormed the stage
And were not yet superstars of a new era.

Flower power was really just three glorious weeks in the Arizona desert
When Allen Ginsburg and Jerry Garcia thought up names of rock groups and
lived off cactus flesh and Red Stripe.

Surrealism was really just three glorious days in Paris
When André Breton coughed-back Trotsky's fur covered ear
Onto a telephone call to Salvador Dali.

Romanticism was really just three glorious hours in a tea shop in Vienna
When Schiller shagged Dorothy Wordsworth
Whilst she ate cream teas and drank sweet sherry.

The Renaissance was really just three glorious minutes
When Michelangelo designed a new hat for the pope
and Raphael got the coolest haircut in the world.

The Roman Empire was really just three glorious seconds
When Antony turned to Brutus and said
"Fuck off Brutus."

Purity in Time

K. Seabrook

I can kiss your lips to a certain tingling, and to the taste of beans; I can feel your breast without sensation so things aren't quite what they seem. I can pander to your wishes and stroke your thigh, without any passion, and I can only ask why? I can smell your feet and it does nothing for me and they are cold and icy in bed. Passion is hot the warmer the better, isn't that what they say; you should put on weight and go unshaven and that'll keep the lechers at bay. I could be wrong and this is ecstasy and you certainly looked good last night. But the wrinkles of the flesh and the spots on your back can be such an unseemly sight. With no time for reflection and if you have no objection I'd like to watch the Marx brothers on telly; naked and nubile and making me coffee of course you turn me all to jelly. I realise I'll have to catch the bus home today for your mother she's got the car. But with the need to be loved the travel is no inconvenience and I know this relationship is sure to go far.

At the Car Park

Paul Carey

The automatic car park barrier's
Broken. That's why the man stands raising
And lowering that giant candy-striped
Fishing rod. Not that he needs a rod,
So eagerly do such big fish,
Lured by the superstore's bright bait,
Swim into the car park's bulging net.
They almost nuzzle each other along.
Don't they know what it costs to get out?

Foreplay

Peter Harley

I am one who likes to stand
before a pan of browning sausages
rolling them greasily idly
thinking splattering breakfast

blue flame under my inspiration
warming belly abutting the stove
toast and coffee jingling my snout
and another minute before I eat.



The Easter Tree

Helen Dunmore

Then I stood under the plane-trees,
wedged and swayed by the weight
of older, more knowledgeable bodies,
arms pressed to my sides, face sun-sore.
We were a barrel of anchovies, upright and glinting
with silver hair-combs and sun-dazzled faces
slewed leftward for the procession,
when a hail of sharp-sided bon-bons
stung on our right cheeks
and the crowd broke, shielding itself.
A woman with a cone of grey paper
helped me to gather
the yellow sweets I did not want.
She held out her cone like the market women
where I bought my allowance of loquats,
then there was a stir of genuflections
like the lying-low of small mammals
when a hawk's shadow crosses the fields.

Muse

Jo Shapcott

When I kiss you in all the folding places
of your body, you make that noise like a dog
dreaming, dreaming of the long runs he makes
in answer to some jolt to his hormones,
running across landfills, running, running
by tips and shorelines from the scent of too much,
but still going with head up and snout
in the air because he loves it all
and has to get away. I have to kiss deeper
and more slowly—your neck, your inner arm,
the neat creases under your toes, the shadow
behind your knee, the white angles of your groin—
until you fall quiet because only then
can I get the damned words to come into my mouth.

Silver

John Levett

It was the colour you got for coming second,
No. 2,
that significant, socially polished number;
all the best things came in twos,
binary codes, wings, ovaries,
anything more involved adjustment,
the psychological fuss of group dynamics,
anything less
an unconsoling loneliness.
She met him thirteen weeks ago
basking in the glazed blue-dyed lagoon
of a rooftop office party,
and last weekend walked out on me.
As she is at pains to point out
I still have her affection, her respect;
all yesterday I loafed at home half-pissed
and ended on my hands and knees
red-necked and shaky-legged, a medallist.

times off-beam in relation to British films, both those she praises and those she denigrates; but she's never less than perceptive and alert.

The years covered here scarcely come under the heading of a golden age, or so you might imagine. Kael herself admits that they "began lamely", but then claims that "suddenly there's one marvellous movie after another". Is this true?

Well, she makes a good case for it, and what strikes me as strange is that, while I don't think I go to the cinema often these days, I find I've seen a good two thirds of the films she reviews, and subscribe in the main to what she writes about them. The point is that most of us remember whole sequences from adolescence, but fail to retain more than a handful of images from what we saw last week. Kael, on the other hand, pays close attention.

Has she no failings, then, this paragon? Yes, and a grave one. She is unable at times to resist, admittedly for the point she's making about a film in general, giving away too much of the plot or repeating a joke which has amused her but which spoils it for us when we finally get to see the movie. It doesn't matter in this context, most of the films being long gone, but it is a fault in a critic; one of whose aims, after all, is to persuade readers to go to the cinema. Sometimes she even describes a sequence in such detail, and so vividly, that it hardly seems worth the price of a seat to check it out. Still it's a failing born of excitement, admiration, or, less often, disappointment. She is forced to let us in on what she felt.

I haven't quoted her, nor cited the films she covers. This is deliberate: no one can claim that they needn't read the book because they feel "they've already read it". One line though:

"*Fatal Attraction*" (a film which she, in my view quite rightly, dismisses) "is just about the worst dating movie imaginable."

Tale of two women

CAN'T QUIT YOU, BABY
Ellen Douglas
Virago £12.95

Paul Binding

The novels of Ellen Douglas (pseudonym of Josephine Haxton) are not nearly as well known in Britain as they deserve to be. Ellen Douglas was born in Mississippi, where she has spent most of her life, in the southern state with the highest proportion of blacks to whites, the lowest *per capita* income, and perhaps the fullest record of racist violence. (It is also the state that has produced the two greatest southern writers, William Faulkner and Eudora Welty.) Her novels are passionately intelligent and universalising inquiries into southern experience, often (as in *The Rock Cried Out*, 1979, now

reissued as a Virago Modern Classic at £5.99) relating this to the larger America.

Central to her concerns are the position of women and the social and personal relations of black to white. *Can't Quit You, Baby* is a study of two women, taking in the whole of their lives (the novel ends when they're in their forties). One of them, Cornelia, is white and prosperous; the other, Julia, usually called Tweet, is black and poor. Tweet works for Cornelia, therefore is her servant, though this is a fact that, for different reasons, both women tend to ignore.

The novel opens with a scene typical, indeed illustrative of their relationship; like a theme in a symphony it is to appear and re-appear throughout the work: Tweet is telling stories from her deprived, turbulent life, while engaged side-by-side with Cornelia on a domestic task; Cornelia, who, though quite young, suffers from deafness and wears an aid, listens interestedly but selectively. When Tweet's anecdotes become too raunchy, or too proclamatory of the harshnesses of life from which Cornelia has been protected, she often—though by no means always—lets her attention wander or turns her deaf-aid down. Thus she can edit Tweet, "have" her when and as she wants to, emotional, yes, capable of violence, well, yes, but also amiably lovable.

Cornelia's own familial life, past and present, is wonderfully brought to life by Ellen Douglas. Unimaginatively and snobbishly reared to be an ornament to society—in ways reminiscent of Ellen Glasgow's masterpiece of southern life, *Virginia*—she is fearful of what runs deep and swift even in herself. Her marriage—to a war hero, now running a successful book business—is outwardly a serene and happy affair, but both serenity and happiness have derived from this intense selectivity towards life, exactly the quality she brings to her dealings with Tweet. John O'Kelly, Cornelia's husband, dies, in a scene as convincing as it is shocking to the reader, and with this explosion of the pain inherent in life, Cornelia's masks cannot survive; the naked face must show through. Something in Tweet's own fierce personality has always thwarted Cornelia's attempts to model her, and in the desolate months following John's death, Tweet begins to assert herself within Cornelia's psyche, showing her the measure of the distance she has maintained towards all around her.

Can't Quit You, Baby is a novel the ending of which changes one's perception of, and one's perspective on, what has gone before. And yet this ending—so surprising yet inevitable, so savage and pitiless—also contains its own ambiguities, so that one begins to argue with oneself, and protest that perhaps things *were* as one first had seen them. This being a review, I had better not give the end away. Ellen Douglas is also there in her novel as the writer, attempting to grapple with the material, wanting to tell things one way but being forced to tell them as they truthfully were, and the ending gives her as author a dark jubilation, a sense of justice having temporarily been done.

This is kin to the justice-providing ending of a fairy story, and aptly, for fairy tales, in which

Ellen Douglas is learned, haunt this deeply-thought novel. Tweet's abominable experiences at the hands of her father and step-mother are Hansel and Gretel's; Cornelia goes to meet her war-hero suitor like Rapunzel. Thus this novel of southern women becomes a novel of us all as we try to protect and condition ourselves against what we know all too well.

Speaking in moon tongue

FLYING LESSONS
Susan Johnson
Faber £12.99

Rosalin Sadler

This latest Australian family saga has landed in England with a glossary on board, full of point-less particulars. Ignore it. Instead, coil your listening ear in my direction. We—I mean my people—would not in the dreamtime of my youth have cared to boast a direct descent from the convict ships, nor from the consequences of those Englishmen who tumbled overboard into the arms of the continent's dusky inhabitants. Now we scramble to prove that one of ours is one of those. "Aboriginal? Him? Never. I know for a *certain* fact I've got more abo blood than him. Abos don't grow beards. It's obvious he's an Afghan." Just so, recently, we lounged around the Australian pavilion, yarning about the black Australian painters representing us at the Venice Biennale.

Less and more certainty about her genealogy is beating in baby Ria's bones on the very day of her birth. She seems to be born knowing that aborigines shiver to warm themselves in winter. Is this a kind of reincarnation? Or could it be moon tongue? Nothing in the glossary, though, under moon tongue.

In the chapter, "A Suitable Place for Dreams", Susan Johnson, our instructor in *Flying Lessons*, assesses Emma James, first flighted forebear of the gauzy, grounded, mysteriously swarthy Ria Lubrano. Ria...air; Lubrano...Lubra no. A lubra being an aboriginal woman, the denial might be telling.

"Emma James was like this: she understood gravity and the position of the planets... the moon was full of signs and carried its own alphabet: Emma James was its earthly missionary, she watched it and learnt, speaking alone in moon tongue."

Not entirely alone. In moon tongue she speaks and in moon tongue she is spoken of. Thus, she might be lying quivering on her back, feeling peeled in her feeling skin, her looking eyes might be looking, and her hairy arms (Lubra yes?) might lie oddly coiled and menacing across her listening ear, listening to the sad whine of unfulfilled mosquitos.

Back in Sydney in her here and nowish and in the pub as well as the vernacular, Deb asks Ria,

"Is Andrew giving you the shits?" Ria does not notice this. Somewhere (starry) she imagines she might gulp uncontaminated air, moving among kin. "Yes, she thinks, there is a place where I will take in borders of the heart, grow hard carrots, and give love out in dishes." She moon walks back to Deb and murmurs, "Pardon?" Ria Lubrano is like this.

Absence in the spirit, balanced by presence in the pub; root vegetables in breathing soil, loving lodgers in the B & B of the soul. Moon tongue is like this.

Feeling garbled and incomplete in a family whose story is too short, Ria floats off in a northerly direction, a faded photograph of Emma in her fist, the fading memory of brother Scotty on her mindset. Will her urban tale sprout into a tropical novel?

A hostile encounter with aborigines (Lubra not, in their intuition); a circumnavigation of form with a wise man (moon tongue for coitus with a shaman) after which she weeps to the rumour of angels; a human understanding reached with a pedant who reeks of raw onions—are not these sufficient to propel Ria back to Sydney and its simple souls who laugh easily at Irish jokes? No, for the while she hovers round the Healing Centre, helping spread chook poo on the vegies. Chook poo? Not in glossary either.

This haiku of the heart, magicked into life by the Literature Board of the Australian Council, proves yet again how soon prose subsides under a subsidy. Beam me down Scotty.

Much ado about very little

A SLIGHT CASE OF LIBEL

Alan Watkins

Duckworth £14.95

Jolyon Jenkins

It seems that we must blame Geoffrey Wheatcroft for this book. At the conclusion of *Meacher v Trelford and Others* he suggested to Alan Watkins (the principal "other") that there ought to be a "60,000-word instant paperback" in the case.

Perhaps he was joking. I should have thought that public interest in what was, after all, a rather minor libel action, would be limited. I can see that there could be a moderately entertaining 1,500 word article in the affair—the sort the *Spectator* might publish in a thin week. As it is, Watkins has weighed in at almost double Wheatcroft's suggested length. Part of the reason for its prolixity is that it is stuffed with riveting facts like this: "I was wearing a black pin-stripe suit, a blue-green silk shirt and a black tie with small white spots. On succeeding days I wore a dark blue suit and a Garrick club tie." *A Slight Case of Libel*, like Watkins's *Observer* column, is full of the padder's art.

Meacher v Trelford and Others deserves a small footnote in libel history as the first action successfully defended by a newspaper, after an unbroken run of 39 Fleet Street losses. Michael Meacher may have been a fool to sue, but whether he deserved to lose still seems less certain.

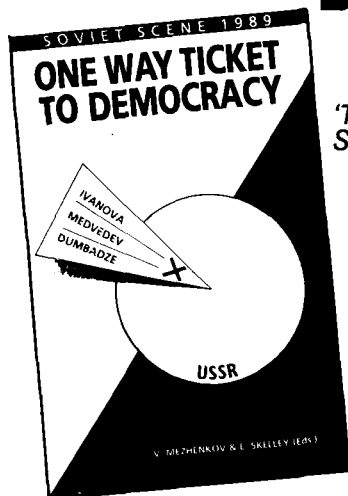
The words in Alan Watkins's column, published in 1984, which particularly upset him, were: "Mr Meacher likes to claim that he is the son of an agricultural labourer, though I understand that his father was an accountant who retired to work on the family farm because the life suited him better."

In fact, Mr Meacher senior was never an accountant. He briefly trained to become one, but gave up after he had a nervous breakdown. He was never really capable of working properly again, though he helped his father on the family farm. The family was certainly not wealthy, but the evidence that Michael Meacher claimed particularly menial origins is thin.

More interesting than this book's legal insights is the light it sheds on Watkins's journalistic methods. How can one man get so much so wrong? The column in question attacked not just Meacher, but a certain Eric Moonman, who had resigned from the Labour Party because of an incident, too tedious to go into here, involving Meacher. Watkins falsely had Moonman resigning from Islington health authority too. Furthermore, Watkins suggested that Moonman was "a self-appointed expert on the press and spokesman for the printing industry, al-

ONE WAY TICKET TO DEMOCRACY

SOVIET SCENE 1989



'This 1989 survey of pieces from Soviet newspapers and journals provides a fascinating view of Soviet society' Angus Macqueen, **THE INDEPENDENT**

'These volumes are the best available references for an understanding of what is in motion in the Soviet Union'

William Pomeroy, **ANGLO-SOVIET JOURNAL**

Pbk 460 pages ISBN 0569 09170 5 £5.95

Collets

Denington Estate, Wellingborough, Northants NN8 2QT, U.K.
Tel: (0933) 224351

Personal shoppers

COLLETS INTERNATIONAL

129-131 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0EQ.
Tel: 071 734 0782/3 (Russian Dept. 071 494 0106)

Cultural Studies

POSTMODERNISM AND SOCIETY

edited by Roy Boyne and Ali Rattansi

Ranging from Art to Politics, Feminism to Fashion, this is the ideal book for anyone who wants to understand what postmodernism is about. In non-esoteric, jargon-free language the chapter contributors — many of them well-known to NSS readers — provide an original and critical assessment of a major cultural phenomenon of our time.

Hardback £35.00 0 333 475100

Paperback £9.99 0 333 475119

coming in August 1990

FEMINISM AND YOUTH CULTURE

by Angela McRobbie

Hardback £35.00 0 333 452631

Paperback £9.99 0 333 45264X

coming in November 1990

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND CULTURAL THEORY

by James Donald

Hardback £35.00 0 333 461037

Paperback £9.99 0 333 461045

coming in December 1990

On publication these titles will be available from all good bookshops. In case of difficulty or for inspection copies contact Amanda Cullen, Macmillan, Houndmills, Basingstoke, HANTS RG21 2XS. TEL 0256 29242

M MACMILLAN EDUCATION

though he had little if any practical experience of the business". Actually, Moonman had worked in the printing business for most of his career.

The evidence about Meacher's real origins came from Meacher himself, via Anthony Howard, then the *Observer's* deputy editor. The evidence about what Meacher had been publicly claiming came from Watkins's own memory of press cuttings. Astonishingly, he made no attempt to check it until 1987, more than a year after he had received a letter of complaint from Meacher's solicitors. By that time he had already apologised in print.

In the end, it's hard to see the point of this book. Watkins says he hopes it's funny; and he does seem to set tremendous store by his Johnsonian wit. He achieves this effect by the simple expedient of quoting Dr Johnson himself—sometimes correctly, sometimes not—rather as lesser folk put humorous stickers in their rear windscreens. Watkins has never understood, he says, echoing Malcolm Muggeridge, why "trying to be funny" is considered an offensive activity. The truth, of course, is that no one minds the attempt; only the failure.

smile deriding, among other things, the having and the not having, the giving and the taking, sickness and health."

It is likely that, for people looking back, the quintessential experiences of the 20th century will be the mass murders carried out in Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia, Pol Pot's Cambodia. And even in the privileged democracies old certainties about community have broken down as individuals fall through the welfare net or are abandoned or isolated in old age.

Amis and Larkin have both written important work about this experience but it is in stories in this collection like "All Strange Away" and "Stirrings Still" that the experiences of ageing and isolation are portrayed from the inside. These stark, often grimly humorous, pieces have been dismissed as impossibly pessimistic but true pessimism would be to stop writing altogether. The amazing poem, "What is the Word", that concludes this collection was written in the final days of Beckett's life. In it the author approaches the final dissolution, not just of life but of the ability to find words to describe that dissolution. It's as if, miraculously, Beckett was able to preside, pen in hand, over the final disintegration of his genius.

This is a book that no one interested in modern literature can afford to be without.

Not so glum a chum

AS THE STORY WAS TOLD
Samuel Beckett
John Calder £11.99

Sean French

In his final years Samuel Beckett became almost a symbolic figure. He had, as critics would say, stripped literature as far down as it was possible to go without actually remaining silent. He was notorious for writing *Breath*, a play that lasted about a minute, with no characters and no dialogue, apart from a baby's cry and the sound of breathing.

Beckett was the principal living example of what Kingsley Amis scornfully called the "glum chums", the exponents of pessimism. He also represented to an extreme extent the characteristic that appalled Philip Larkin of not portraying life in the way ordinary people saw it.

He was so handy a label that if he had not existed it would have been necessary to invent him. In fact, one could argue that *this* Beckett did not exist and was indeed invented.

*It's as if, miraculously,
Beckett was able to preside, pen in
hand, over the final disintegration
of his genius*

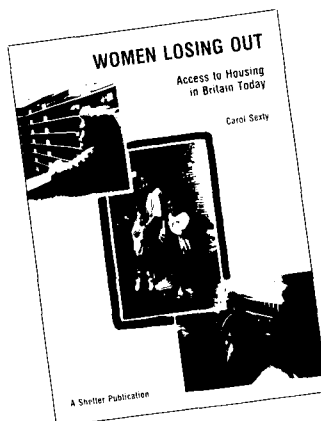
This ragbag of a collection, covering almost the whole range of his writing life, clearly demonstrates that Beckett must be considered both a realistic writer and an oddly optimistic one.

Beckett attained his creative maturity in close association with James Joyce. But as Richard Ellmann's biography shows, Joyce's generous, humane art simply could not acknowledge the world of the Gestapo and the concentration camp.

The first piece in this book is an extraordinary talk about an Irish-funded hospital in Normandy that was delivered by Beckett himself on

Radio Eireann in 1946 (I sincerely hope that a tape survives). It shows that Beckett was familiar with a new kind of society, scarcely dreamt of by earlier novelists: "What was important was not our having penicillin when they had none, nor the unregarding munificence of the French Ministry of Reconstruction (as it was then called), but the occasional glimpse obtained, by us in them, and, who knows, by them in us (for they are an imaginative people), of that smile at the human conditions as little to be extinguished by bombs as to be broadened by the elixirs of Burroughs and Wellcome—the

Pressing ahead with housing issues!



NEW

Women Losing Out
Access to Housing in Britain Today

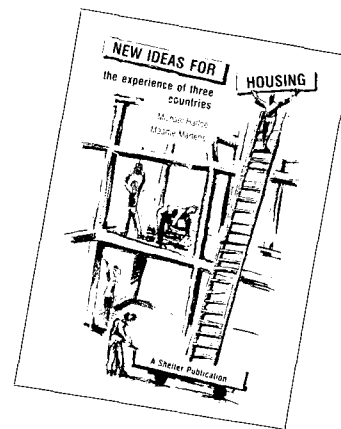
Carol Sexty £3.95

A major report, based on original research, that shows the adverse effects of privatisation policies on women's access to housing. This unique report looks at the housing position of different groups of women and makes a number of general policy recommendations. Concerned about improving women's access to housing? If so, read this!

NEW

New ideas for Housing
The Experience of Three Countries
Michael Harloe and Maartje Martens
£6.95

A thought-provoking examination of imaginative schemes and experimental projects in West Germany, the Netherlands and the USA which provide new ideas for alternative forms of housing finance, tenant management and greater control for housing consumers. This book sets out a new agenda for British housing and is a must for all policy makers.



Free postage and packing with this ad!

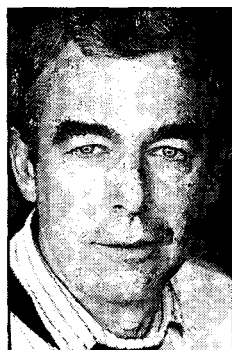
Your order MUST be accompanied by a cheque.

Available from Shelter Publications
88 Old Street, London EC1V 9HU.

Holding the baby

Has the elderly orphan "community care" finally found a good home?

"The problem," said one director of social services, "is I know what's happening, but I don't know what's going on." He was commenting on "care in the community", an elderly social policy orphan which for years shuffled from one government to another looking for a good home. Whether the government's National Health Service and Community Care Act, which passed its final hurdle in the Commons last week, represents such a loving environment is the subject of this year's intense debate.



Lawrence Buljaitis, Insight

David Townsend

creating "community based and family orientated" personal social services documents in 1971. At the end of 1972 he asked the local authorities to produce ten-year plans for the social services. It was a gift to the newly invented directors of social services, enjoying salad days and utopian dreams. Annual growth rates of 10-15 per cent were the order of the day. These unbalanced proposals virtually ignored the NHS, and became waste paper during the oil crisis and miners' strike of 1973/4.

In the seventies, community care just jogged along: useful cash and administrative initiatives were introduced by Barbara Castle and David Ennals, but an overview of finance and quality,

Kenneth Clarke thinks he's at the controls of a TGV. Everyone else knows it's poor old British Rail

It has released more energy than electricity privatisation. Some participants are rather obviously beginning to suffer from document, seminar and consultation-lag. Speed, if not indecent haste, is the new factor, with the scheduled transfer of responsibilities to local authorities due in April 1991. Kenneth Clarke, Secretary of State for Health, clearly imagines himself to be at the controls of a *train à grande vitesse*. In reality everyone else knows it is still poor old British Rail. On today's timetable, the Community Care Express could well be derailed. But—a saving grace—it will not collide with the Children Act special, which has been sensibly postponed on a branch line for six months to have its wheels fitted.

Slowing the pace of change would be difficult because it is now tied in with the proposed NHS reforms. In the past that was not always the case. "Community care" used to have a lot in common with the Loch Ness Monster. Its exact size, shape and habits were shadowy. It only rarely surfaced at Westminster and then disappeared for long periods accompanied by ministerial rhetoric and inspired guesswork about its component parts. Ministers' responsibilities seemed limited to keeping an eye on things.

How have we got here? In modern times, Enoch Powell (if that is not a contradiction in terms) supported the closure of the big Victorian psychiatric and mental handicap hospitals when minister of health. In effect, that was his community care plan. There were no social services departments, so alternatives "in the community" were left exceedingly vague. He moved on, to plumb fresh depths in race relations. But the hospitals were put on death row for 30 years.

The community care baton passed to Sir Keith Joseph, in vigorous, caring, expansive pre-Thatcherite mode. To him fell the task of

and of the choice and variety available to consumers, was never obtained. The idea became prominent again almost accidentally.

Decisions by DHSS ministers in the early eighties allowed a social security bonanza for the private sector, especially with elderly people wanting, though not necessarily needing, residential care in private homes. At the beginning of the eighties a few millions was spent in this way. By the end of the decade it was estimated at more than £1 billion and rising, because it was not cash-limited. Enter the accountants from the Audit Commission to say this policy was unco-ordinated, wasteful; and something must be done. In 1987 the government commissioned Sir Roy Griffiths, the Sainsbury's managing director who had introduced general managers into the NHS, to recommend a new policy.

By mid-1988 he had done that. Hobbled though he was by expectations of cash saving and unable to talk about costs, his brief pages were at least coherent. So coherent that the government tried to find ways of not doing what

he recommended: that local authorities lead in the community care business.

It would be a "mixed economy" of care: but that simply meant a change of emphasis, since local authorities have never been monopoly providers of social services. He accepted that the "gatekeepers" of public funds for private care would be the council social services departments. He also recommended that the cash allocated for a revised way of working with applicants for community care should be identified by the government and given as a "community care grant". For him the quality of care was as important as the cash issue.

In the white paper which appeared 18 months later, the government accepted a version of the Griffith report. However, much of the stuffing had been knocked out of it. What was left was a new way of working, involving an apparently greater degree of choice, with additional quality and inspection controls, but an absolute refusal to identify what cost expectations the government had of "the new community care".

This January, the NHS and Community Care Bill (with community care as a few clauses tucked away in the middle) began its passage through parliament. At the same time, a plethora of working parties of civil servants and directors of social services was created to advise and produce guidance on how it would all work. Delays are already likely. The new scheme is to be in operation next April, in spite of largely unmet training requirements for anything up to 100,000 different staff in social services. For those in voluntary care organisations, formal or informal, there are raised expectations and fears, sometimes wholly unreal, about "contracts" and the ending of grant aid. They too demand information and training.

NHS managers are engrossed in the more immediate challenge of NHS change. Managers in social services departments have to keep an existing system running. They also advise the Department of Health on how the new community care may best be run, always watching for changes to the bill. They also have to plan the structure and working methods upon which social service departments will be based in 1991. The minister has begun referring to "planning for the next ten years". Now, where have I heard that before?

Each week in Public Interest, a specialist commentator will explore current issues in social services, education, poverty and benefits, health and housing. Next week, Christopher Price on education.

Society Today is NSS's term-time page for sociology students

Close encounters

Pat McNeill explains the rules of intimate contact between professionals and their clients

How many people had their eyes tested in the first three months of this year? Was it the 624,000 claimed by the opticians, or was it the two million plus claimed by Kenneth Clarke, the Health Secretary, basing his figures on a survey of 10,000 people carried out by NOP? Common sense, let alone a sophisticated knowledge of research methodology, suggests that the first figure, which was derived from the number of tests shown in opticians' records, is more likely to be reliable than the second, which is based on a survey which asked people to remember when they last had a test.

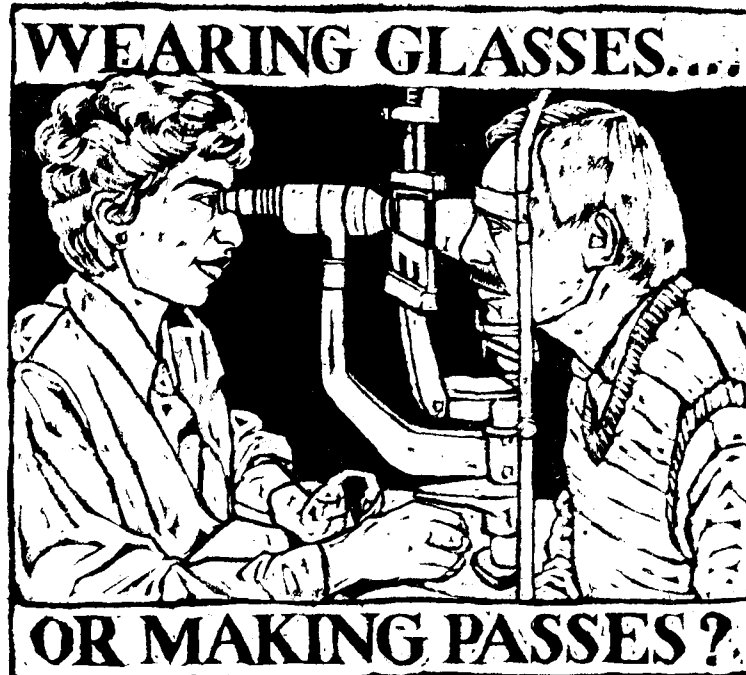
Professional consultations such as these are a popular subject for sociological research. Their main interest lies in the fact that the actors involved have to work hard at sustaining an impersonal relationship in a situation which, in another context, would be seen as one of great intimacy.

An early example of this kind of research was conducted by Joan Emerson (1970), who chose the extreme example of gynaecological examinations conducted by male doctors. She observed about 75 such examinations and identified the unwritten rules whereby the actors involved, who usually included a female nurse and sometimes a medical student, sustained the medical definition of what was happening. They neutralised any threatening suggestion of an emotional or sexual element by means of techniques which Emerson calls "sustaining a nonchalant demeanour, redefinition, humour, teamwork and excluding the offender" (who was usually the patient).

Emerson's central point is that the professional interpretation of the reality of the situation (that it is non-emotional and non-sexual) is particularly precarious, since it has to be learned by actors whose previous experience has taught them that such physical contact is intimate and highly personal.

Furthermore, though the doctor and the nurse are practised in sustaining this interpretation by being thoroughly matter-of-fact about it (nonchalant demeanour), the patient and perhaps the student may be experiencing it for the first time. The patient will probably know how she is supposed to feel and to act, or rather how she is not to act, but her inexperience may disrupt the professionals' definition of the situation.

Nevertheless, Emerson argues, it is not appropriate for the doctor to treat the patient entirely as a technical object, since that constitutes an additional indignity. So the doctor and



Discussion:

How and why do these rules vary for hairdressers?

the patient work together to sustain a balance between the medical definition of the patient as object and the more normal perception of the patient as a person. Most of Emerson's article is devoted to descriptions of how this balance is achieved and sustained.

It is worth noting in passing that Emerson's account, though it recognises the power of the professional over the lay person, scarcely acknowledges the imbalance of power inherent in the gender of the doctor and the patient. Contemporary studies might make this the keystone of the analysis.

Emerson concludes: "the gynaecological examination should not be dismissed as an anomaly... it is an extreme example... but... merely exaggerates the internally contradictory nature of definitions of reality found in most situations"—including, we might suggest, consultations with an optician.

On the one hand, such a consultation is a professional and thus an impersonal encounter. At the same time, it takes place in a darkened

room with only two people present. The potential for alternative definitions of reality is very real. The actors have therefore to work at sustaining the professional reality and at resisting the more everyday interpretation of the situation, while acknowledging each other as persons. How is this done?

An obvious and familiar device to maintain social distance, used by all professionals, is that actors address each formally (Miss, Mr, Mrs). In addition, an optician is particularly careful to limit bodily contact with the client. Gently touching another person's face is one of the more intimate forms of physical contact and the care taken by an optician, when placing the test spectacles on a client's nose, to touch as little as possible contrasts markedly with the inevitably greater contact that a dentist makes. Like a dentist, an optician is careful to avoid touching any other part of the client's body.

Putting faces close together also has connotations of intimacy, especially when combined with staring deeply into another person's eyes. The optician's version of this act is decidedly clinical. A close examination of the retina through an ophthalmoscope is unlikely to be misinterpreted as the deep regard of a lover. A dentist typically avoids all eye contact while faces are close together.

While opticians demonstrate their impersonal approach in such ways, we would normally also expect them to recognise our existence by initiating polite conversation, probably towards the end of the consultation and on a non-controversial topic such as the weather.

What are the rules in other similar encounters? A physio therapist, for example has to make extensive and prolonged contact with the client's body, but does so in a thoroughly businesslike way (note the adjective), avoiding any hint of a caress.

A masseur has an even greater problem, since the accepted purpose of the activity is to induce a sense of physical well-being. Some will achieve the necessary social distance by treating the patient's body entirely as a mechanical object, leaving any verbal exchanges other than clinical ones until the massage is completed. Others may achieve the same end by chatting almost continuously and as though the massage was not happening ("nonchalant demeanour" again).

Being an optician requires more than just scientific skills. You need a good "bedside manner" too.

Emerson, J. (1970) "Behaviour in Private Places: Sustaining Definitions of Reality in Gynaecological Examinations" in Dreitzel, H.P. "Recent Sociology" No.2 (Macmillan)

Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set - Monday noon
Lineage - Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork - Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Lineage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Telephone: 071-739-1645
Fax 071-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

CHIEF INSPECTOR Inspection & Quality Assurance to £34,794

2nd tier

This new post in our senior management team has been designed to meet the challenge of new and future community care legislation.

As well as local authority provision Croydon has some 88 private homes and substantial provision for childcare. We are aiming to develop and maintain our registration, inspection and complaints services with a 3 year programme of work involving high level planning and negotiating skills and an independent view of the Unit.

The person we are seeking should have a broad senior management background from a Social Services, large voluntary or related field. Including report writing, committee work and possibly budgetary experience.

Applications from black and ethnic minority people are encouraged as they are under represented in this workforce (Race Relations Act 1976 Section 38 (1)(b)).

Benefits on offer include a generous relocation package; temporary housing; a car lease scheme and essential car user allowance.

*Please contact Social Services Personnel,
Room 2.03, Taberner House, Park Lane,
Croydon CR9 2BA for a job description and
application form, or phone 081 760 5537
(24 hour answerphone) quoting reference
INS/001/1QA. Closing date: 27th July.*



AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

*For further information about this unique market place please
telephone Michael Breen or Siobhan O'Shea on 071-739 1645*
NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

COMMUNICATION MANAGERS ASSOCIATION

Vacancy for Assistant Secretary

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary of the Communication Managers Association (CMA). The CMA is a TUC affiliated trade union representing some 19,000 members in junior and middle management grades in the Post Office and British Telecom.

The successful applicant will be directly responsible for a wide range of negotiations as well as certain organisational issues.

The salary is circa £23/24,000 per annum, holiday entitlement is 32.5 days per annum and there is a contributory superannuation scheme. Assistance will be provided with relocation expenses.

The closing date for the receipt of the completed application forms is Tuesday, July 17th 1990.

All applications will be acknowledged and candidates who are shortlisted will be required to attend for interview on August 15th or 16th 1990.

Application forms and further information are available from The General Secretary, CMA Headquarters, Hughes House, Ruscombe Park, Twyford, Reading, Berks. RG10 9JD.

Please mention

New Statesman & Society

when replying to Advertisements



ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The AUT is a trade union and professional association with 30,000 members representing academic, senior administrative, library, computer and research staff in UK universities.

We require an experienced graduate with a commitment to the trade union movement to join our research department.

The research department provides back-up to negotiations on salaries and support for the AUT's policy development.

The Research Assistant should have an ability to use computer facilities for financial, statistical and survey analyses. In addition there will be work involving background briefs/speeches and analysis of higher education issues.

Salary scale £13,166/£17,211.

AUT is an equal opportunities employer.

Further details by telephone or letter: AUT, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11 3JY, Tel: 071-221 4370.

Lothian Regional Council



Department of Social Work

Edinburgh, Scotland's capital, is the Country's administrative, financial and cultural centre with first class road, rail and air links with most destinations.

This ancient and historic City offers a unique combination of beautiful architecture, lovely surrounding countryside and a pleasant atmosphere giving a quality of life unmatched by other cities in the UK.

Lothian is a forward-looking and innovative Social Work Department providing excellent social services to its population.

Lothian operates an attractive relocation package covering costs up to £4,650.

MANAGER (Re-Advertisement)

£14670 – £15819

McLEOD STREET ADULT TRAINING CENTRE

McLeod Street is a 72 place centre for people with learning difficulties. The Centre provides a wide range of community based activities.

Applicants should be persons with proven management skills and experience of working with people with learning difficulties. Candidates should be CSS/CQSW qualified and committed to the principles of normalisation and embrace the concept of community integration. This is a re-advertisement and previous applicants need not re-apply.

Informal enquiries to Alan Learmonth, Assistant Principal, Tel. 031-553 8258. REF. 6713AAA.

OFFICER IN CHARGE (Re-Advertisement)

£12462 - £13824

BINGHAM RESIDENTIAL RESPITE UNIT, EDINBURGH

This unit is due to open towards the end of this year to offer a respite service to adults with a wide range of learning difficulties including severe and multiple handicaps.

We require a qualified and/or experienced Officer in Charge. Initial duties will include recruitment of the staff group and supervision of the final building works.

Applications are invited from those who can demonstrate a working knowledge of normalisation, management skills and a relevant background.

Informal enquiries to Rodger Redpath, Assistant Principal Officer (Rehabilitation), Tel. 031-553 8259. REF. 6641AAA

APPLICATION: FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Tel: 031-554 3997 (Answer phone machine in operation 24 hours per day)

Closing Date: 27.7.90

The Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunities employer and will prevent discrimination, particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religious belief, political belief, sexuality, nationality, ethnic origin, age, trade union activity, responsibility for dependants or employment status.

LOTHIAN

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

*For further information
please ring 071 739 1645*

The CRANSTOUN PROJECTS

Drug Rehabilitation,
Training & Prevention

PAROLE RELEASE SCHEME AGENCY

(office based in North London)

is expanding in the area of

HIV/DRUGS AND PRISON WORK

The Agency provides an advice, referral and support service for prisoners with drug or HIV problems in the South East prison region. Based in North London but covering prisons as far afield as Norfolk and the Isle of Wight, we are involved in providing an individual service to prisoners, groupwork, education and staff training. We are now in the position to extend our staff team and are looking to fill the following posts:

ASSISTANT MANAGER

On a Scale starting at £15,064 (incl. LW)

To be responsible for the day to day running of the project's services to prisons and prisoners. This will involve supervising the work of other team members, and being responsible for the project's liaison with the prisons and other services. Applicants should have some experience of the drug and HIV professions and/or the Criminal Justice Systems.

DRUGS INFORMATION AND RESEARCH WORKER

On a Scale of £13,129 (incl. LW)

To back up the work of the casework team, the successful applicant will be responsible for monitoring our service provision, updating our banks of information on services, and devising research projects connected with the work. Most of this will involve working on our computer, so familiarity with their operation is essential.

2 CASEWORKERS

On a Scale Starting at £13,129 (incl. LW)

To join our existing casework team in providing a direct service to prisons. The main responsibilities are to hold a caseload of clients in prison to whom advice and counselling is offered, but the job also involves liaison with other drug and HIV projects, the Probation Service, and the Parole Board. To give the team a balance that reflects our client group, applications are positively invited from people of Afro-Caribbean or Asian origin. (Section 38(1) (b) of the Race Relations Act applies).

40 hours per week, 25 days holiday (plus Public Holidays). The above salaries include N.J.C. settlement for 1990.

For Application Form and Information Pack, contact:

Linda Kerr
The Cranstoun Projects Ltd
148-150 Penwith Road
London, SW18 4QB
Tel: 081-877 0211

Please state clearly which post
you are applying for.

Closing date for all posts:
4.00 pm on Monday, 23rd July

**CRANSTOUN PROJECTS LTD IS STRIVING TO
BECOME AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES
EMPLOYER. WE WELCOME APPLICATIONS
FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COMMUNITY.**

Calderdale Mencap OFFICER-IN-CHARGE

Salary £13,750-£15,350

and

DEPUTY OFFICER-IN-CHARGE

Salary £10,500-£13,200

required for Mayfield House, a residential home for adults with learning difficulties.

Officer-in-charge — suitable applicant must have experience at a senior managerial level in a residential establishment, be a sound administrator with knowledge and skills in personnel and organisational management. Preferred qualification CSS/CQSW/RNMH.

Deputy Officer-in-Charge — suitable applicant must have two years experience of working at a senior officer level and/or a relevant qualification.

Application form and job description from Gill Rhodes, Cottage No. 1, Barkisland Hall, Barkisland, Halifax, West Yorkshire HX4 0AG, or tel. 0422 373802.

Closing date: July 16, 1990.

STREETWISE YOUTH

REG. CHARITY NO: 296268

THREE PROJECT WORKERS

Starting salary: £13,782 inclusive

Streetwise Youth is an innovative project which provides an integrated response to the needs of vulnerable young men who are involved in prostitutional activities. We wish to appoint three full time Project Workers to join our team.

The postholders will be an integral part of the project team, providing advice, support and education to assist in the promotion of health and welfare of these young men within the day centre.

Applications are welcome from both qualified and unqualified candidates who can demonstrate an understanding of the range of issues facing young people who are homeless and at risk. You should have at least two years experience, in a paid or unpaid capacity, of working with young people presenting a complexity of needs and problems. Experience of working as a member of a team is essential.

Streetwise Youth Equal Opportunities Policy ensures that there will be no discrimination in terms of race, gender, sexual orientation, HIV status, age, religious belief, disability or unrelated criminal conviction.

All applicants must demonstrate a commitment to implementing equal opportunities for all.

For an application form and further details please send a large SAE to: Recruitment, Streetwise Youth, Flat 3b, Langham Mansions, Earl's Court Square, London SW5 9UP.

Closing date: Friday, 20th July, 1990.

Streetwise Youth regret that the building is not suitable for access by people who use wheelchairs.

Courses

INTERESTED IN LANGUAGE IN THE MULTICULTURAL COMMUNITY?

Ealing College London offers a part-time
Master's degree and a Diploma

Master's

Race and the Media
Language and Education
Language and Literacy
Language and Employment
Literature in the Multicultural Society
Study of a Community Language

Diploma

Language and Inequality
Linguistic and Cultural Diversity
Inter-Ethnic Communication

For further details please contact:

Dept of English Language Teaching (Ref: G24)
Ealing College London
Grove House 1 The Grove
Ealing London W5 5DX 081-579 5000

EALING COLLEGE LONDON

higher education can be different

LINEAGE/HEARTSEARCH BOOKING FORM

Special Offer

BOOK THREE — GET ONE FREE

If you book three consecutive ads you get
an extra one absolutely free

You can now reach more than 250,000 readers every week
with a small advertisement in *New Statesman & Society*.

If you need to promote meetings, seminars, Ronnie
Barker's autobiography, property to let, or if you simply
want to meet a soulmate through heartsearch then send
us the completed coupon with your remittance

50p per word (minimum 20 words) incl. VAT.
Box Numbers £2.50 extra

Copy date: Friday. Prior to publication on
the following Friday.

Please complete the coupon below and send with
remittance or credit card number.

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet

NAME

ADDRESS

No. of weeks Remittance £.....

Or charge my Access/Visa/Barclaycard No

Please state classification

Post coupon to:
Classified Department,
New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

Binders

We still have limited stocks of:

New Statesman binders - each holds 6 months copies - £4.50 each or £8.50 for two.

New Society binders - each holds 3 months copies - £4 each, £7.50 for two, or £13.00 for four.

Apply with your cheque to: New Statesman & Society (Binders), Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ.

Please allow 28 days for delivery.

Conferences

The SILENT

International Conference on Working with Prisoners' Families

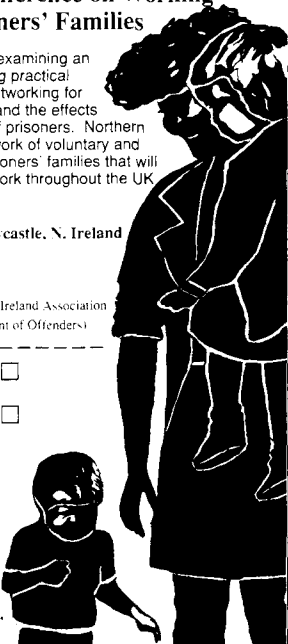
A two day residential conference examining an inter-agency approach to providing practical services for prisoners' families: networking for support: family coping strategies and the effects of imprisonment on the children of prisoners. Northern Ireland has a well developed network of voluntary and statutory agencies supporting prisoners' families that will be of interest to those in related work throughout the UK and European Community.

Venue: Slieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, N. Ireland
Date: 29-30th October 1990
Cost: £95 including full board
(Free transport from/to airport)
Organisers: NIACRO (The Northern Ireland Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders)

I would like to book ☐ place(s) (enclose £10.00 deposit per place)
I request further information ☐

Name: _____
Address: _____
Tel No: _____

Please return to: NIACRO, Conference Organiser, 169 Ormeau Rd, Belfast BT7 1SQ, N. Ireland. Tel: (0232) 320157



DEFEND THE GAINS OF THE SANDINISTA REVOLUTION!

NICARAGUA SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN public meeting to mark the 11th anniversary of the Revolution.

Speakers: Alejandro Bendaña, FSLN (ex chief spokesperson of the Nicaraguan Foreign Ministry), Sandy Boyle (president NUCPS), Hugh O'Shaughnessy (journalist - to be confirmed), Julian Jacobs (general secretary NSC) Chair: Hermione Harris (writer).

7.30 p.m. 12 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1 (Holborn tube).

For further details contact: NSC, 23 Beviden Street, London N1 6BH. Tel: 071 253 2464.

Crime Prevention A Strategic Role for Local Authorities South East Region Seminar

Thursday 26th July, 1990

Venue: Brighthelm, Brighton.

Contact: Donald Shier, Police + Public Safety Unit, Brighton Borough Council, Town Hall, Brighton, BN1 1JA. Tel. (0273) 29801 ex 2086.

Conference

SATURDAY 7 JULY. South Bank Poly., London SE1. UTOPIA TODAY conference. Organised by William Morris Society and Lawrence & Wishart. Speakers include: Tony Benn, Ruth Levitas, Rod Hackney, Swasti Mitter, Tony Pinkney, Sheila Rowbotham. Details: L & W, 071 820 9281.

REGRET NOT WASTED YEARS, the light ahead is bright. Engineer/educationalist, mature inquiring mind, seeks similar mate; with, without or wanting family. Age immaterial if spirit young. Box (24) 300.

ATTRACTIVE LONDON WOMAN, independent, intelligent, fiftyish; interested in arts, politics, travel, fun; seeks loving man, any race, for stable relationship. Please reply Box (24) 308.

ADVENTUROUS ACADEMIC MAN fond of children, cats, travelling, sailing and skiing but anti-smoking, seeks intelligent adventurous attractive woman to share life as equals with view to starting a late family. Resident N.W. Start adventure by writing to Box (23) 286.

FEMININE, QUIET, WELLSPOKEN, artistic, blonde, Aquarian woman, 54, London but moving, seeks loving man to cook and care for again. Please write to Box (25) 314.

WANTED (quite badly): affectionate, intelligent woman (tied in arid relationship?) for friendship with (similarly placed) professional man, 50, entirely presentable and reasonably entertaining. Midlands, preferably. Reply Box (26) 317.

MAN (61) warm hearted, intelligent, imaginative, attractive - seeks a sensual, slim or medium-build woman, any circumstance, for pleasurable stimulating friendship. Please write to Box (26) 321.

PLAYWRIGHT: talented, late developer (almost posthumous.) Educated cockney. Passions: writing, love/lust, sun, music, teaching adults. Seeks woman with own passions. Box (26) 322.

LIVELY CAMBRIDGE BACHELOR, 40's, loves music, opera, travelling. Seeks an aware, sensual, younger female for deep friendship and whatever follows naturally. Box (26) 323.

SINGLE 25+? Whether you're looking for romance, or new friends, you will meet more people at London Epicureans' convivial DINNER PARTIES. 081-882 3414, 081-367 1896.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MAN (61), London based, interested in the Arts, seeks non-smoking, warm-hearted, sensual woman, any circumstance or nationality, for friendship and enjoyment of life-enhancing pleasures. Please write to Box (23) 287.

ROMANTIC LEO LADY (24 years). Feminine, petite; Blues, cat, countryside and poetry lover. Seeks soulmate (Aquarian? Scorpio?) in London area. Please reply to Box (22) 282.

WARM, HUMOROUS, REFLECTIVE, male professional, 40, celt, interested psychoanalysis, the arts etc. seeks similar woman for companionship possibly more. London. Box (22) 283.

WANTED - PROFESSIONAL MAN in his mid to late forties who may be keen to combine forces with an intelligent, attractive and slim lady who would like to start a new life around the Cotswolds. Interests include homes and gardens, pets, reading, writing and the pursuit of happiness for self and a nice caring other. Please reply to Box (22) 276.

ENGINEER/SCIENTIST 52, 5'8" short, of decent liberal outlook, divorced, bit overworked, introvert, seeking Europhile brunette, 45+, life sciences/academic, for love, trust and (eventually) conventional responsibility. A self reliant caring father (son 15, Grmr sch. Surrey) interested in classical music, european travel, Sir Joseph Banks and Jim Corbett's country: No arty folks please but Michelle Palin OK. Please write to Box (26) 318.

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

ADVERTISING STAFF

Display
Jenny Shramenko
Amanda Charlwood
Mick Quirke

Classified
Michael Breen
Siobhan O'Shea
Susan Newcombe

Production
Dawn King

Secretary
Linda Ring

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

Display
Page £1,050
2/3 page £700
Half page £550
1/3 page £400
Quarter page £300
1/6 page £200
Covers, inside front and outside back - £1,500
Inserts
£33 per thousand
Discount
20% Publisher's
15% Agency

Classified
Single column centimetre (3cm min) £18.00
Charities £11.00 per col-cm
Spot colour: 10% extra
Lineage, per word (min 20 words) 0.50p
Inserts, per thousand, £33
Agency commission 15% to recognised agents

MECHANICAL DATA

Dimensions (mm)
Page 267x200
Double col 267x132
Halfpage 131x200
Quarterpage 131x98
1/6 page 131x65

Column widths

Display
1 column 65
2 column 132
3 column 200

Classified

1 column 45
2 column 98
3 column 149
4 column 200

Film: Negative, right reading, emulsion side down
Registration: punch registered
Screen: (4-col): 150/in, 60/cm
Screen: (mono): 120/in, 48/cm
Printing: Heat-set web offset

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY
Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telephone (071) 739 1645
Fax (071) 739 9307

MALE, 42, quiet sensitive personality, recently seperated and probably not ready for committed relationship yet conscious of need for sexual relationship seeks similar female. London/S.E./anywhere. Please write to Box (26) 319.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, witty and warm independent woman (41) seeks a tall, unattached professional intellectual man (40 - 50ish) for friendship, companionship - ideally for lasting relationship. I'm a professionally successful graduate, my interests are wide: music, history, art, literature, theatre, sport, eating out. Sussex/Hampshire. Reply Box (26) 320.

TELEDATING

Your advertisement appears in **New Statesman & Society** with your own personalised telephone number. Readers leave recorded messages for you on this number and by using your own personalised security code only you have access to these messages.

To answer any of these adverts simply dial the telephone number below your chosen ad.

Tel: 0839 81 2000 Teledating index and information line
Tel: 0839 81 2001 What is Teledating? (24 hours).

SUCCESSFUL HANDSOME mature gentleman and much more seeking Miss right (for more details please call) Teledate: 0839 - 812076.

TO PLACE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE CALL - 071-465 8880. IF YOU MISSED THE LAST ISSUE AND MAYBE THE ONE PERSON YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SIMPLY DIAL Teledate: 0839 - 812077.

I'M FEMALE, ORIENTAL, professional, slender, young 30s attractive and seeks inspiration from intelligent, sensitive man. Will you call? Teledate: 0839 - 812078.

ATTRACTIVE professional female seeks Mr right, interesting and intelligent (you missed my advert last time). Call me and find out. Teledate: 0839 - 812081.

MALE, 35, teacher white but cheerful, interest: art and travel. Non smoker seeking similar female. Teledate: 0839 - 812082.

Teledating uses Premium Rate Services. Calls on TELEDATING numbers commencing 0839 are charged at 25p per minute cheap rate and 38p per minute at all other times.

Teledating, Teledate and Photofax are registered Trademarks. Copyright Technology Exchange Centre Limited 1990, Unit One, 76 Marylebone High Street, London W1 (Tel: 071-465 8880)

Accommodation

THREE BED. VICTORIAN HOUSE with garden, in London E5. Well furnished, available Aug '90 to April '91. Suit family/professional couple. Rent negotiable. Tel: 081 986 6679.

Therapy

BLACK WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST (Pellin Trained) offers short or long term therapy to individuals and couples. Near Brixton Tube 071-274 7655 (Answerphone).

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. Hammersmith Books, Liffords Place, SW13 9LR. Phone 081 876 7254 (24hrs).

Independent Travel

DO YOU ENJOY MEETING FELLOW EUROPEANS? Good food and wine? Travelling independently? Hostal Maryfranch, 07160 Paguera, Mallorca, Spain. Tel: 68 64 45 JUST TELL US WHEN YOU WANT TO COME!

Situations Wanted

21 YEAR OLD UNDERGRADUATE with varied work experience, clean driving license and verbal knowledge of Punjabi seeks vacation work. Anything/anywhere considered. Contact Box No (26) 325.

Holiday Lets

PRAGUE: S/c well-equipped flat. Sleeps 4. 15 minutes city centre by convenient Metro. £120 per week. For details: 071-833 3056.

EDINBURGH. Georgian family house. Garden. Central. Sleeps 7/9. Available from 21st July - 11th Aug. Telephone: 031 229 4898.

Personal

IS THERE ANYONE (50's) who would like to spend 3 - 6 weeks with me on the continent in a motor-caravan + tent. Write to Box (26) 324.

TOM DRIBERG

His Life and Indiscretions
by FRANCIS WHEEN

"A truly great biography."
Michael Foot MP

"Refreshingly rude."
Peter Parker The Listener

"Entertaining and brilliantly written."
Ben Pimlott, The Times

"Funny, racy and uncommonly entertaining."
Philip Ziegler, Daily Telegraph

Chatto & Windus £18

WE NEED MEN, REAL MEN! Single 30+ Call the ladies at The Single Gourmet Dining Club on 071 937 4522.

Personality Development and Personal Growth

To facilitate relationships whether personal or work orientated. 48 hour residential course. 17th - 19th July 1990 using outdoor elements. Cost £275 + VAT all inclusive.

Challenge of Excellence.

Bisham Abbey National Sports Centre
- near Marlow, Bucks. Tel: 0344 483740.

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY CLASSIFIED
071-739 1645

VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme.

If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 071-739-1645.

WESTMINSTER Bereavement Service needs sympathetic volunteers to offer counselling support to the bereaved living in Westminster. Autumn training starts in NW8 area on 31/10, 8-10pm and Saturdays: 3/11, 17/11 and 1/12 from 10-4. For further information and an application form phone: 071 289-6597 or write to: Westminster Bereavement Service, 24 Formosa Street, London W9 2QA.

LONDON YOUTH Adventure - a new trust which grant aids London's 13 - 21 year olds require a volunteer to help with admin. tasks. Usually 4 hours p/w but flexibility is essential as LYA is developing all the time. Basic computer skills an advantage, an interest in young people is essential. Details available from Paul Wilson on 071 387 9494.

GLASGOW SIMON Community offers time, friendship & supportive group living to long-term homeless women and men, especially regular rough sleepers. We need full-time, live-in volunteers who can stay for at least 6 months, preferably a year. Full board, plus a weekly and a holiday allowance. Contact Chris Lytton, 133 Hill Street, Glasgow G3 6UB for details. Tel: 041-332 3448.



Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears four times a week on Thames Television at 5.55 approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

This year is United Nations International Literacy Year, so this week Thames Help is looking at different approaches to teaching literacy.

Monday 9th July - Open Learning

Cheryl Morris 'drops-in' at her local Open Learning Centre in Whitechapel at least twice a week. She can choose between working with a tutor, at a word processor or from a studybook to improve her spelling and writing skills. For more information about Open Learning ring us after the programme on 071-388 8282, or write to Adult Literacy & Basic Skills Unit, Kingsbourne House, 229-231 High Holborn, London, WC1V HOA.

Tuesday 10th July - Volunteer Tutors

Claudia Morris works as a paid tutor at the Whitechapel Open Learning Centre, but it is only a few years ago that she started in literacy as a volunteer. Across the region volunteers are now encouraged to do some training and with experience, may be offered paid part-time work like Claudia. For more information about training for volunteers to teach literacy, ring after the programme on 071-388 8282, or write to Adult Literacy & Basic Skills Unit, Kingsbourne House, 229-231 High Holborn, London, WC1V HOA.

Wednesday 11th July - Workbase

Workbase is a charity which provides advice and support to employers and Unions who run literacy and basic education courses in the workplace. Camilla Merchant is enthusiastic about her weekly class, run by the Hackney Social Services for manual workers, which has given her greater confidence both in herself and her abilities. For more information, write to Workbase Training, 67a High Road, Wood Green, London, N22 6BH.

Thursday 12th July - Adult Day & Evening Classes

Stuart McKeal never misses his weekly evening class. He enjoys the company and the satisfaction he has gained from being able to write and express himself more clearly. For more information, contact your local Adult Education Institute. Classes start again in September.

ARTHRITIS CARE is seeking Arthritis Care Visitors throughout the country to call on people with arthritis in their own homes. Expenses and a car-depreciation allowance are payable. We also need Officials to service national branch network, contact Regions Department, Arthritis Care, 5 Grosvenor Cres, London SW1X 7ER. Tel: 071 235-0902.

FULL-TIME VOLUNTEERS are urgently required to work in large city centre hostel for homeless people and their group homes. Volunteers live in outside accommodation but are expected to do some sleep in duties. They receive full board and lodging, pocket money, travel expenses etc. The job is interesting and rewarding. For further information please contact: Linda Shaw at Oxford Cyrenians, P.O. Box 36, Paradise St., Oxford OX1 1HE or phone Oxford 726241.

ENJOY MOTIVATING others? Volunteers with leadership exp. to co-ordinate 2 week projects Aug to early Sept. You will organise/work with a small group from UK/Europe. Projects: work in psychiatric hospital; gardening with a mixed-ability community; making footpaths in hospital grounds; running a playscheme. Contact: Quaker International Social Projects on 071 387 3601.

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

Editor Stuart Weir
Deputy Editor Philip Dodd
Assistant Editor Jolyon Jenkins

Associate Editors Anthony Barnett,
Duncan Campbell

Artefax Editor: Sally Townsend
Books Editor Tony Gould
Social Policy Editor Boyd Tonkin

Art Editor Caroline Heler
Chief-sub/Production Editor
Naomi Hyamson
Sub-editor/Typesetting Jill Chisholm
Editorial Assistants Colette O'Reilly,
Maria Seed

Writers Sean French, Stephen Howe, Vicky
Hutchings, Maria Manning, Claire Sanders

Editor Society Today Pat McNeill
Poetry Editor Hugo Williams

Subscriptions Barbara Reilly, Kay Leyden
Syndication/Rights Carol Anne McKenzie
Office Manager Gina Jennings
Accounts Lee Charles

Chief Executive Pat Coyne

Paul Binding's last novel was *Kingfisher Weather*. His account of his German childhood and its legacy, *St Martin's Ride*, comes out from Secker in the autumn. Zoe Heller writes for the *Independent* and has written a film called *Twenty-one*, which starts production this month. Robert MacLennan is home affairs spokesman for the Liberal Democrats. George Melly has just completed the preface to a book of photographs of surrealist Paris by Michael Woods. His new jazz album, *Putting on the Ritz*, with John Chilton's Feetwarmers, is due out in the autumn. Paul Morley is a presenter on *The Late Show*. Rosalin Sadler writes regularly for *Modern Painters*. David Townsend is director of social services for the London Borough of Croydon.

Subscription rates

UK £55
Europe (inc Eire) £64
USA Air mail \$146; air speed \$99
Elsewhere: accelerated surface post £70; air mail rates on request
US Postmaster: address changes to New Statesman & Society, Speedimpex USA Inc, 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum', and 'The Week-end Review'.
Registered as a newspaper.
Typesetting by ECM, 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Colour origination by Graphic Ideas, 135-139 Curtain Road, London EC2.
Printed by BPCC Business Magazines (Colchester) Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LJ (Tel: 577881).
Distribution by COMAG, Tavistock Rd, West Drayton, Middx UB7 7Qe 0895 444055. Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc.
16mm and 35mm microfilms, 105mm microfiche and article copies are available through University Microfilms Inc, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3132 Set by Ms de Meaner

Poetry to celebrate 100 years of county councils.

Report by Grace Elegy

I have to admit that I experienced a sinking feeling in the stomach on first seeing this bizarre competition. What could have possessed my old friend de Meaner? Having had the opportunity to study your entries, I am pleasantly surprised by the creativity and imagination you brought to bear on this, in my view, not entirely stimulating topic. My greatest sadness was in having to reject Bill Greenwell's offering. A marvellous entry, full of verve and energy ('Baths and Births and Education, Parks, Police and Sanitation, Fire, Virus, Vaccination, Bridges, by and large, Fertilisers, Food Inspection, Weights and Measures, Bird Protection...'). The only problem is, it's just *too* imaginative. County councils aren't responsible for a good half of these areas, the district councils are. This may seem a small point to you, Bill, unacquainted as you obviously are with the niceties of local authority life, but I assure you those involved in it would never forgive me for allowing you to win.

Twelve pounds to the winners, except for Martin Fagg who gets ten for falling, in a minor way, into the Greenwell error—the counties don't deal with drains!

In Barsetshire a hundred years
Have passed since first they met,
The County's representatives
In solemn conclave set.

From all the shire they gladly came,
Sound men, and women too,
Who had the welfare of their folk
At heart, as still they do.

Now a computer serves their needs,
As once the humble pen,
But quite unchanging is their creed,
They serve their fellow men.

They do not toe a party line,
Of independence proud,
Nor will be turned from duty's course
By clamour of the crowd.

Praise to our County Councillors,
Who answer duty's call,
And labour for the common good,
A marvel to us all.

John Stanley

In County Halls from ten 'til four
The coffee-makers hum,
And through each freshly-Brasso'ed door
The ritual biscuits come

The weighty questions staff address
Are fed by cups of tea,
And Councillors liquidly express
A fluid policy.

As serious party issues flag
One matter is persistent:
It's whether tea is leaf or bag,
And coffee fresh or instant.

One hundred years of setting rates
And building Comprehensives
Are swallowed in the great debates
Of Marie v. Digestives.

DA Prince

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



The County's sure foundation
Is up at County Hall.
With health and education
It benefits us all.
With roads to speed our driving
And Social Services
The Council's always striving
To make us suffer less.

It nannies every Borough
And District in its care,
Its counsel always thorough
With servants everywhere.
Though sometimes its decisions
Seem interfering rot
For climbing politicians
It's the most likely spot.

Katie Mallett

Though I was elected in '84
And you in '85,
For years, my pet, we barely met—
How did we ever survive?
For you, my dear, were sitting on
Roads,

While I was sitting on Drains:
You were a Milton Friedman freak,
While I was a fan of Keynes.
But what price Ideology
In the land Libido rules?
For both of us copped our karma
When both of us sat on Schools...
A pupil of the School of Love,
My thanks I humbly give
That now I'm both your doting slave
And Chief Executive.

Martin Fagg

All praise to dear old Derbyshire
Who, back in twenty-three,
Gave scholarships for grammar
school
—And one of them to me.

That was a "minor" scholarship;
A "major", six years later,
Helped me at University
To pay my alma mater.

Derby was then a Tory shire,
If somewhat leftward tending,
But now, it seems, it's loony left,
Accused of overspending.

And yet South Derbyshire, where I
Grew up when things were greener,
Persists in choosing as MP
None other than Edwina.

John Marriott

No 3135 Set by George Cowley
Your mini-editorial "Velvet into iron"
(15 June) contained the line: "All new
dawns end in boring afternoons".
Could we have sonnets, on any topic,
in which this is the last line. Entries in
by 19 July.

SALAMANCA



COLLINS DICTIONARIES

Copies of the Collins Concise English Dictionary for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 162, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ by 16 July

Salamanca 162: "Inclueded"

Three answers are clued cryptically
by the other unclued answers in the
grid whose unchecked letters give
PLOUGHMEN AID

ACROSS

9. Sound quality of this is due to poets? (3)
10. Glass oven? It gets hot in intolerable interior (4)
13. Disown children, ignoring heart (almost) (5)
17. Take a wrong turn? See me encountering horrid sog (5)
18. Friend who's soft, taking one in around Sabbath (7)
19. Animal's head tops sleeping simpleton? (3)
20. Paving-block of stone containing bits of extra tuff (4)
22. Governor, not first-class, say? (3)
26. Tendency to develop along divergent lines with different habits and marks inside and out (8)
27. Any *basic* copy, acrostically speaking? (3)
29. Jock's old cart-horse, one to have (for instance) no black on it? (4)
32. Chain round man's foot before (3)
35. Changing resin to purer oil's making you superior—? (7)
37. Loud and glowing, burning eg. possibly like fire?
38. Beginning to offends gets sent to bed as round punishment (4)
39. Short head consisting of sheet of rock (5)
41. Unsatisfactory piece of armour (4)
42. Bring forth some little animals (3)
43. Answer i; clues: 1Ac.(6) 5Ac.(6) 33(5) (6)
44. Sutures one's found in broken pate, right? (6)

DOWN

1. Constellation: name of small mass one right at centre (5)
2. Answer ii; clue: 15(4) 24(8) 16(10) (5)
3. Part of stomach's pit e.g. is arc formation (10)
4. With such sounds round about perhaps, Presley's Hound Dog in evidence? (5)
5. Cross written against red wine (7)
6. —e.g., region's flighty constituents (5)
7. He'll conduct Buddhist service before a flight (4)
8. People's protest, a habitual response (7)

12. People's protest, a habitual response (7)
14. Old eyes are a German female's (4)
21. E.g., Bunter, having some more raspberry-tart (3)
22. I may need—that *could* be produced by wild Himalayan breeds (7)
23. Move to Aberdeen: one should feel at home there mostly (3)
25. What's knobby about being stuck in album casually (7)
30. Victory for prohibition (4)
31. Top of koppie or head? (5)
32. Answer iii; clue: 11(4) 40(4) 28(4) (5)
34. First to home on the dead you'll find one prowling around? (5)
36. Time taken round old city's this? (4)

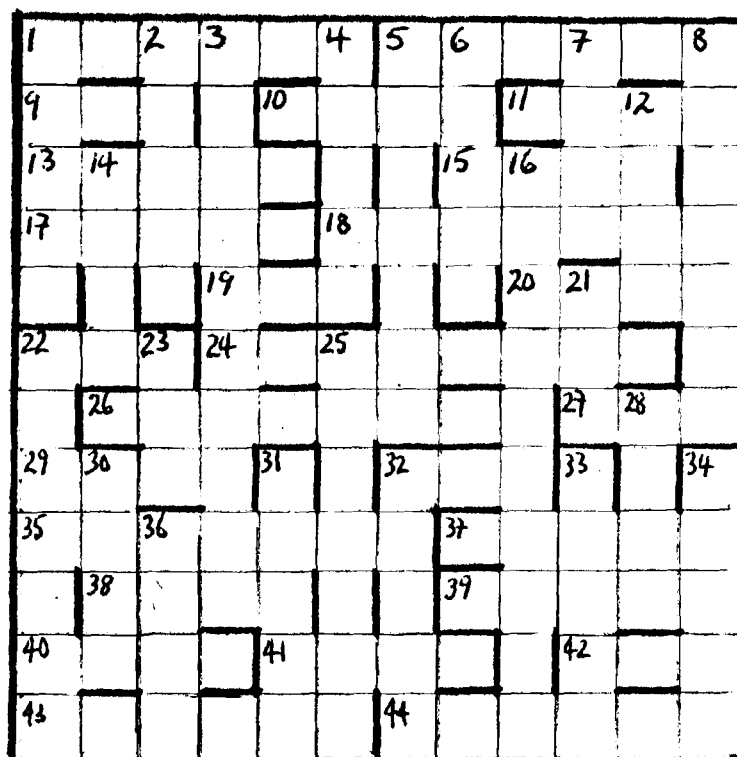
Solution to Salamanca 160

Across: (Dracula removes blood from answers—groups A, AB, B, O) Down: (Frankenstein uses parts of others to create monsters)—thunder-plump, risorgimento, pile-dwelling, imprinted, set-tee, strainers, inrush, disinterment, onomatopoeic, stornelli, keffiyehs, fleazy, mess-up.

T	R	P	P	I	S	T	S	L	I	D	O
H	I	L	I	M	E	N	T	F	N	I	N
U	S	E	L	P	T	E	R	E	R	S	O
O	A	S	U	T	M	N	I	K	R	N	E
R	I	T	S	E	A	E	N	E	I	D	D
G	N	O	H	E	T	H	T	F	N	E	W
T	F	F	R	E	Z	I	R	E	O	M	E
E	L	I	N	L	Y	M	P	R	P	E	R
D	E	Y	E	L	L	E	L	S	O	S	M
N	E	U	P	E	P	S	I	E	N	L	E
T	N	M	E	H	M	U	N	C	U	L	I
O	T	P	I	S	S	P	G	Y	R	I	C

Prizewinners to Salamanca 160:

Colin Coates, Derby;
Dr J F Grimshaw, London SW18;
Mr & Mrs M C C Rich, Ripon.



Name _____

Address _____

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The Terrence Higgins Trust

IT'S
THAT CONDOM
MOMENT.



LOVE SAFE

Safer sex protects us all from HIV (the virus that can lead to AIDS), STDs and unwanted pregnancy.

Call the Terrence Higgins Trust Helpline on 01-242 1010, 3pm-10pm.